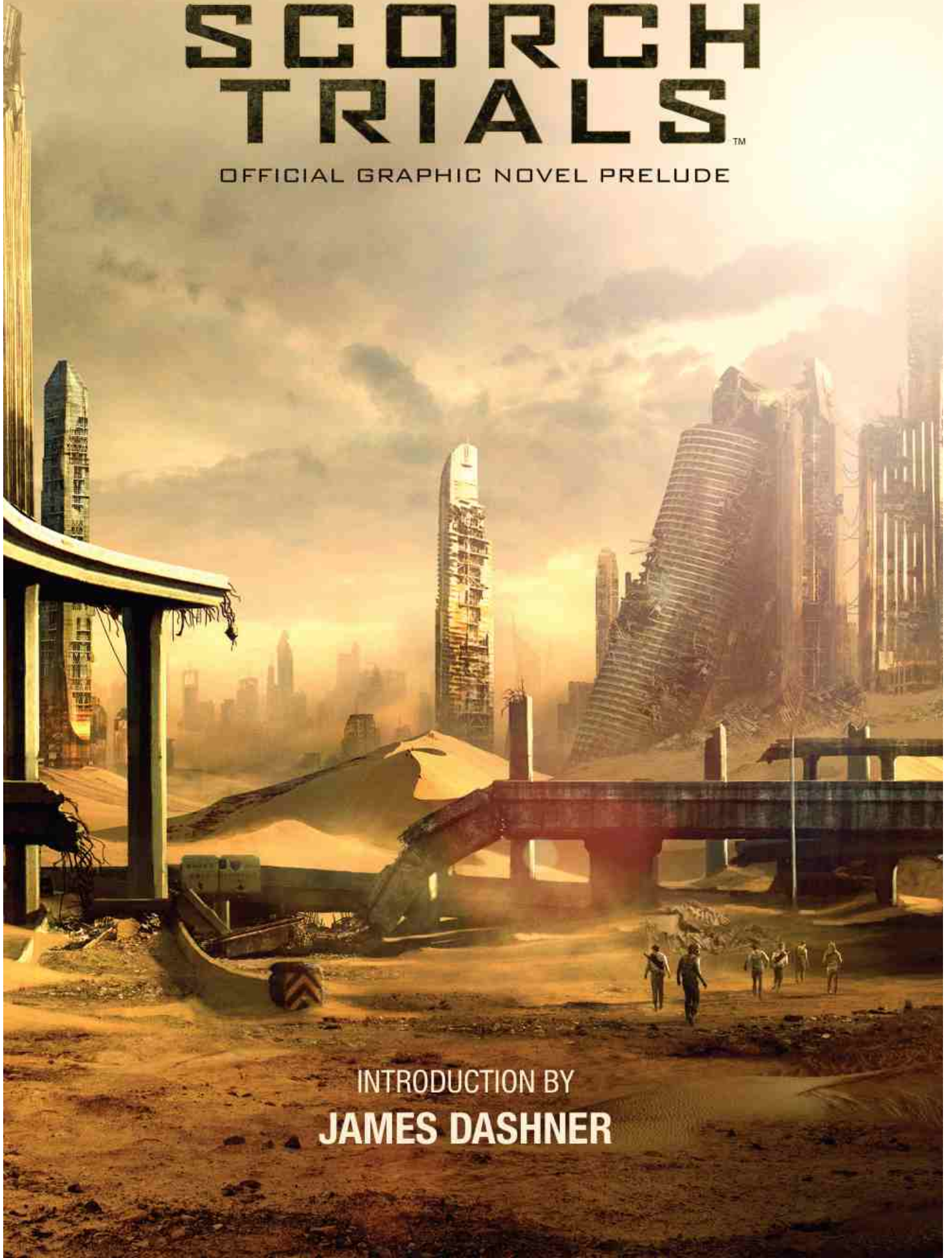


BASED ON THE WORLDWIDE PHENOMENON

MAZE RUNNER:  
THE  
**SCORCH  
TRIALS**™

OFFICIAL GRAPHIC NOVEL PRELUDE

INTRODUCTION BY  
**JAMES DASHNER**



[The following text is a dense, continuous block of characters and symbols, appearing to be a corrupted or heavily redacted document. It contains no legible words or phrases.]

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— THE —  
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TRIALS**™

OFFICIAL GRAPHIC NOVEL PRELUDE



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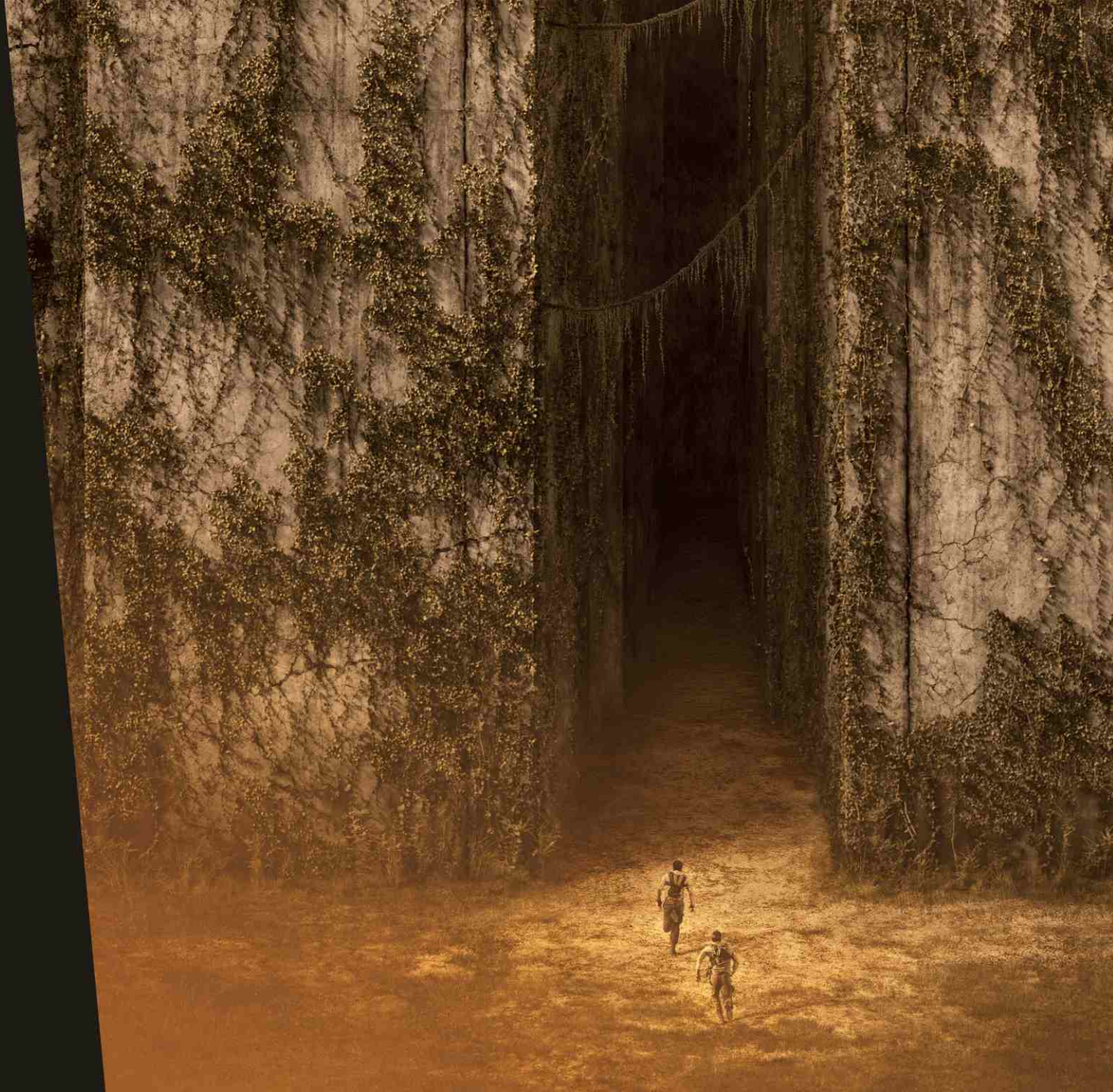


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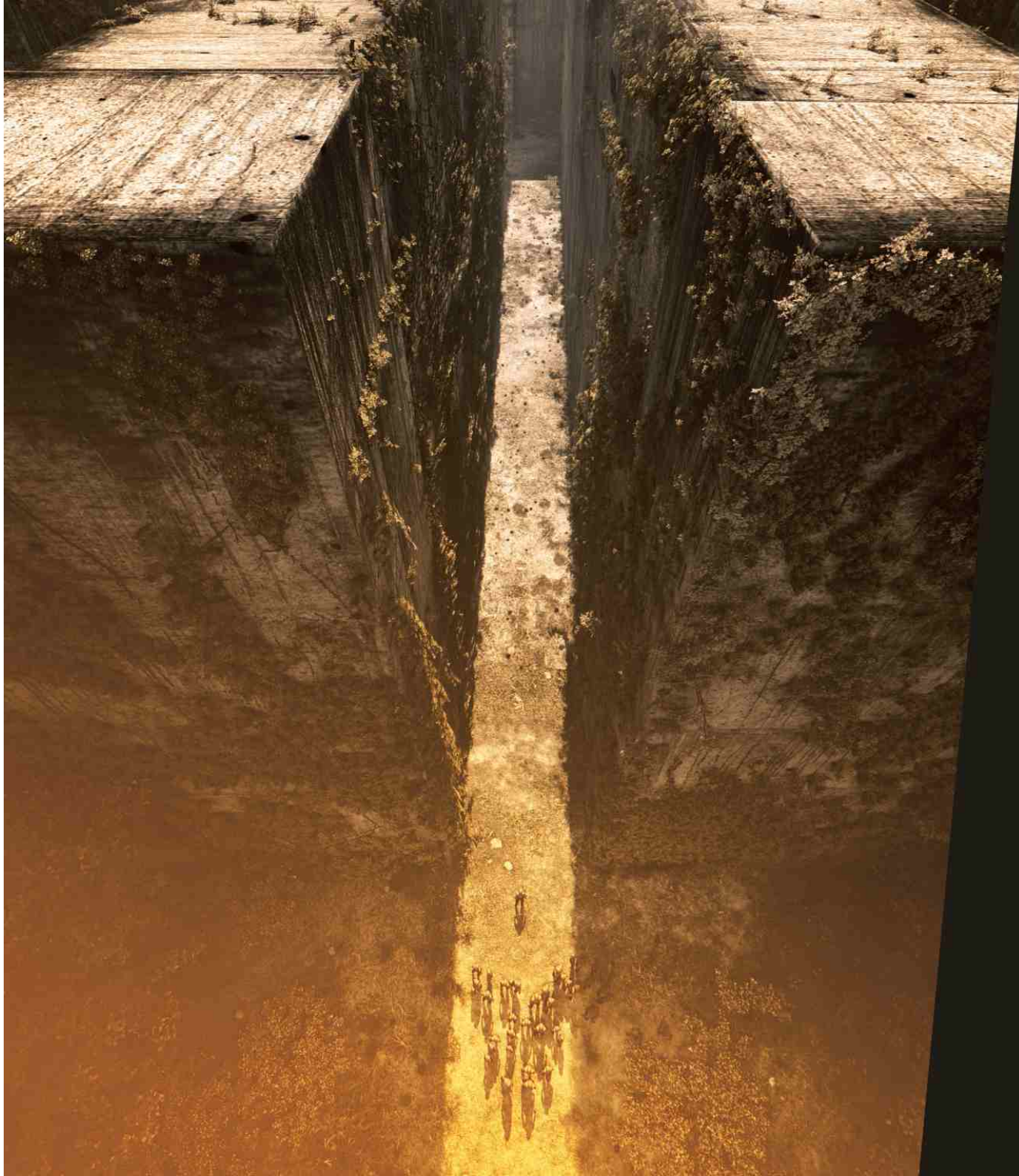
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### **“RUN ALONE”**

Story by Wes Ball & T.S. Nowlin  
Script by Jackson Lanzing & Collin Kelly  
Pencils by Marcus To  
Inks by Richard Zajac & Marcus To  
Colors by Josan Gonzalez  
Letters by Deron Bennett

### **“MY FRIEND GEORGE”**

Written by Wes Ball & T.S. Nowlin  
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Colors by Josan Gonzalez  
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### **“TRUE MAZE”**

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### **“SCORCHED”**

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*From the world of the 20th Century Fox Feature Film*  
**MAZE RUNNER: THE SCORCH TRIALS**

Written by T.S. Nowlin

Based on the novel by James Dashner

Produced by Wyck Godfrey, Marty Bowen,  
Ellen Goldsmith-Vein, Lee Stollman, and Joe Hartwick Jr.

Directed by Wes Ball

*Special thanks to Wes Ball, T.S. Nowlin, Wyck Godfrey, Cristina Mancini,  
Jason Young, Ryan Jones, Joshua Izzo, Nicole Spiegel, and Stephen Christy.*





## INTRODUCTION BY JAMES DASHNER

I had a life-defining moment when I was about ten years old. Miraculously, my mom let me spend the night at a friend's house. Who knew what sort of shenanigans might ensue? Well, my friend John pulled this huge box out of his closet, and it was bursting at the seams, full of comic books. Everything from *Spider-Man* to *Casper the Friendly Ghost*. So, instead of roaming the neighborhood that night like little demons, we stayed up all night reading those comics, devouring them until the sun came up.

It made me realize—traditional book nerd that I was—that there were other, just-as-cool ways to escape to another world for a time.

Storytelling. It's my favorite thing in the universe.

Books, comics, movies, music, theater—whatever form it may take. The escape of it, the journey, the heartbreak and laughs, the sheer entertainment of it all. I love when someone creates a world that becomes real to me in every way, whether it be an alternate version of this one, a far-off planet named Arrakis, a magical elfin land, or something I'd never be able to dream up myself. Like a playground, I love to go play in that world, release my imagination into its wonders for awhile.

The biggest accomplishment of my writing career has been creating a world in which millions of *others* have willingly found themselves lost. (It's still so hard to believe!) This has been the world of *The Maze Runner*—a future version of our own world that's bleak and harsh but still full of things like friendship, loyalty, and a fierce will to live. And characters that have become so real to so many. Seeing it all come to life on film—on the big screen—has been indescribably thrilling for me. Yes, I'm an author, but I could never find the right words.

Are there differences between the *Maze Runner* movies and the books? Of course. Having been involved from the beginning of the process, I supported





those changes from novel to film. It's a simple fact: some things that work on the page don't work in a movie, and vice versa. That's just the way it is. And it's okay! That's the great news! No one is more familiar with the novels than I am, and yet the films let me live that world and the characters in a way I never have before.

This is how I see the movies, side-stories, art, fan fiction, and the WCKD websites developed by the creative team behind the films. It's also how I see this new series of graphic novels depicting the events leading up to Thomas entering the Maze. Again, are there differences between "book canon" and "movie canon"? Certainly. But that's okay. Look at it as a means to experience parts of the story, or characters that you love, in a whole new way all over again. A way to enter the world and have it still feel fresh and new and exciting. (And, of course, terrifying.)

Like me, I hope you'll set aside any concerns over differences between these two versions of the same world. The characters you love are there, the spirit and tone and world structure are there. The differences are subtle enough to keep you on your toes and allow you to experience the roller coaster as if it's the first time you had the guts to step into the Maze, all over again. The books will always be there. Thomas, Alby, Teresa, Minho, Newt, Chuck, Gally—all of them live, and sometimes die, within those pages. Nothing ever *will* change within those volumes. Keep them on your shelves and open them up when you want those original, familiar moments.

Now, I invite you to step inside our playground for new adventures, new angles, new interpretations, new twists and turns. Familiar and different all at once. Come on in, and enjoy the ride.

— James





RUNNER'S JOURNAL  
MINHO. DAY 401.



I LOST ANOTHER  
ONE TODAY.

POOR SHANK. THE  
DROPS GOT HIM.



GUESS I'M ON MY  
OWN TOMORROW.



RUNNING  
ON MY OWN.



GOOD. NOTHING  
TO SLOW ME DOWN.



DAY 410

NINE DAYS, I'VE PUSHED PAST THE AREAS WE MAPPED, BUT THERE'S ONLY MORE OF THE MAZE.

UNH!

JUSTIN USED TO SAY THE PLACE WENT ON FOREVER. THOUGHT HE WAS BEING DRAMATIC.

EVER SINCE I STARTED GOING OUT ALONE, I'M STARTING TO THINK HE WAS RIGHT.

BUT IT'S A LONELY LIFE BEING A RUNNER. THEY'RE ALL COUNTING ON US. ON ME.

CRACK



SHUCK.

NIGHT'S COMING.  
GRIEVERS ON  
THE HUNT.

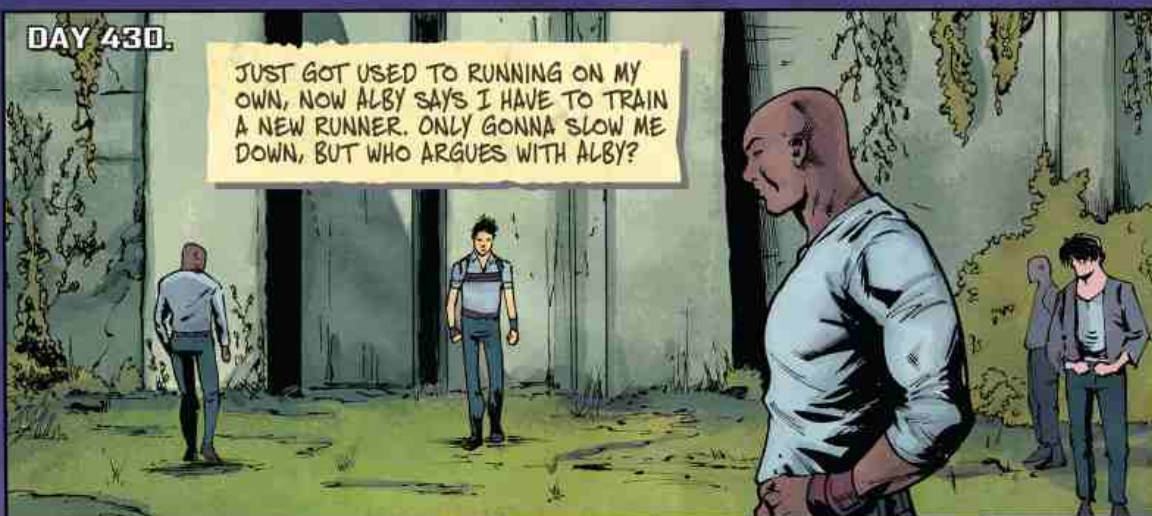
AND HERE I AM  
HANGING OFF A LEDGE  
LIKE A GREENIE.

DOUBLE  
SHUCK.



DAY 430.

JUST GOT USED TO RUNNING ON MY OWN, NOW ALBY SAYS I HAVE TO TRAIN A NEW RUNNER. ONLY GONNA SLOW ME DOWN, BUT WHO ARGUES WITH ALBY?



BUT MAYBE HE'S RIGHT.

PLACE GOES ON FOREVER.

WHAT'S ANOTHER RUNNER CORPSE AT THE BOTTOM OF SOME DROP?





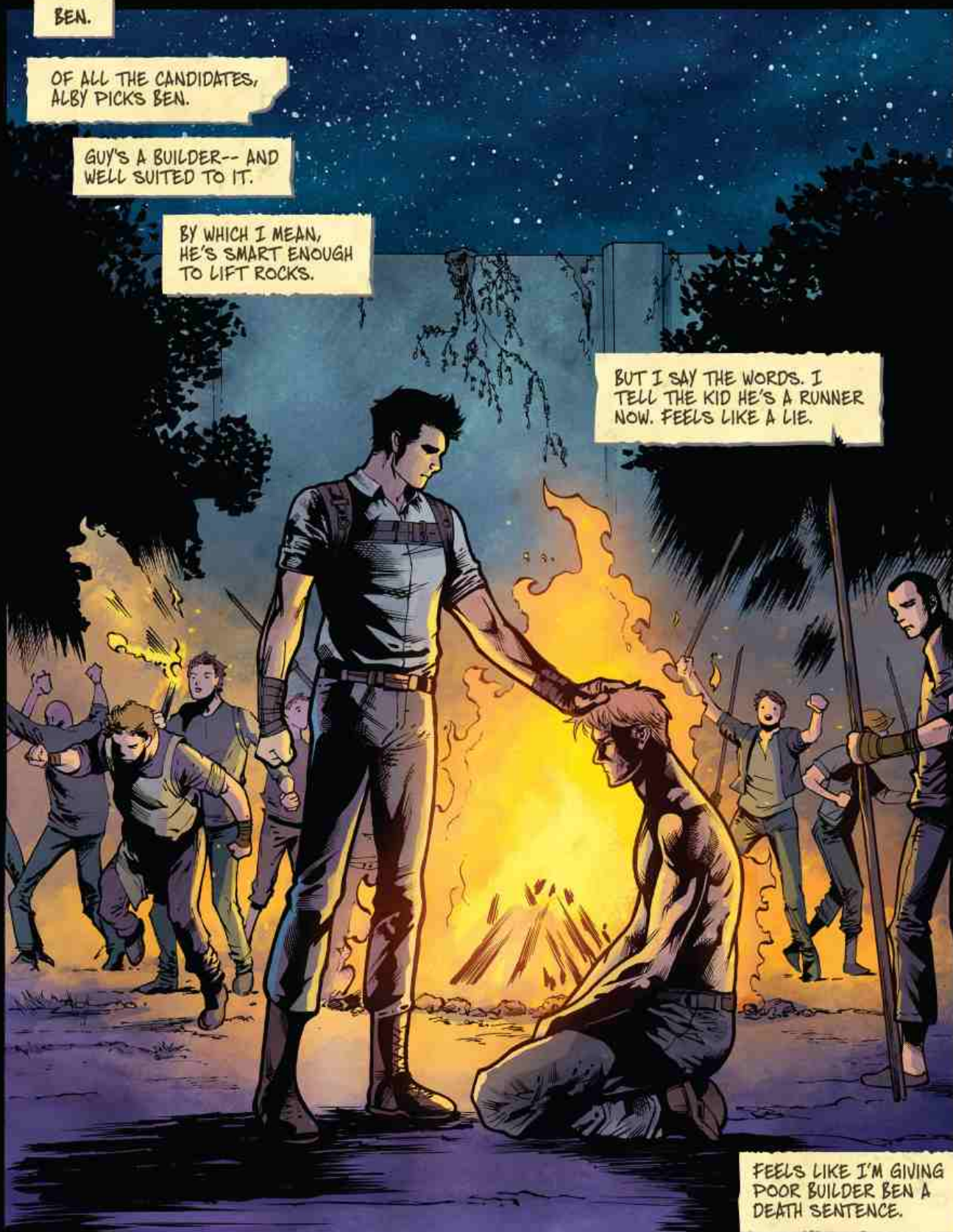
BEN.

OF ALL THE CANDIDATES,  
ALBY PICKS BEN.

GUY'S A BUILDER-- AND  
WELL SUITED TO IT.

BY WHICH I MEAN,  
HE'S SMART ENOUGH  
TO LIFT ROCKS.

BUT I SAY THE WORDS. I  
TELL THE KID HE'S A RUNNER  
NOW. FEELS LIKE A LIE.



FEELS LIKE I'M GIVING  
POOR BUILDER BEN A  
DEATH SENTENCE.



RUNNER'S JOURNAL.  
MINHO. DAY 431.

PLANT YOUR FEET.  
WATCH YOUR LANDING.

MOVE FAST, BUT  
NEVER SLOPPY.

KEEP YOUR  
SHUCKIN'  
MOUTH SHUT.

THE KID IS SO  
GREEN I COULD LOSE  
HIM IN THE GRASS.





HE'S BIG. YEAH.  
MIGHT EVEN BE  
STRONG.

BUT HE'S SLOW AND HE'S  
SOFT. DOESN'T KNOW  
SHUCK ABOUT THE MAZE.

I DON'T WANT TO SAY IT TO  
HIS FACE. BUT I CAN TELL.  
THIS KID AIN'T A PARTNER.

HE'S GRIEVER BAIT.



DAY 453

TODAY, BEN MADE  
HIS LAST MISTAKE.

HE SHOULD'VE MADE  
THE JUMP. NO REASON  
HE COULDN'T.

THAT SHOULD  
HAVE BEEN THE  
END OF HIM.

AAAAHHH!

AND YET.

Tch







AFTER THAT, THE  
RUN WAS EASY.

CLEARING THAT WALL  
OPENED UP A NEW PATH.

AND EVERYONE BACK IN  
THE GLADE-- THEY WON'T  
BELIEVE WHAT WE FOUND.

A CLUE. A SIGN OF  
HOPE. ACTUAL HOPE.

A LIGHT AT THE END  
OF THE TUNNEL.





IT'S EASY TO GET LOST IN  
THE MAZE. EVEN EASIER TO  
BECOME GRIEVER CHOW.

BUT I'M NOT ALONE. AND  
NOW I KNOW THIS PLACE  
DOESN'T GO ON FOREVER.



ONLY ONE WAY  
FORWARD. ONLY  
ONE WAY OUT.

THERE'S NOTHING  
LEFT TO DO...



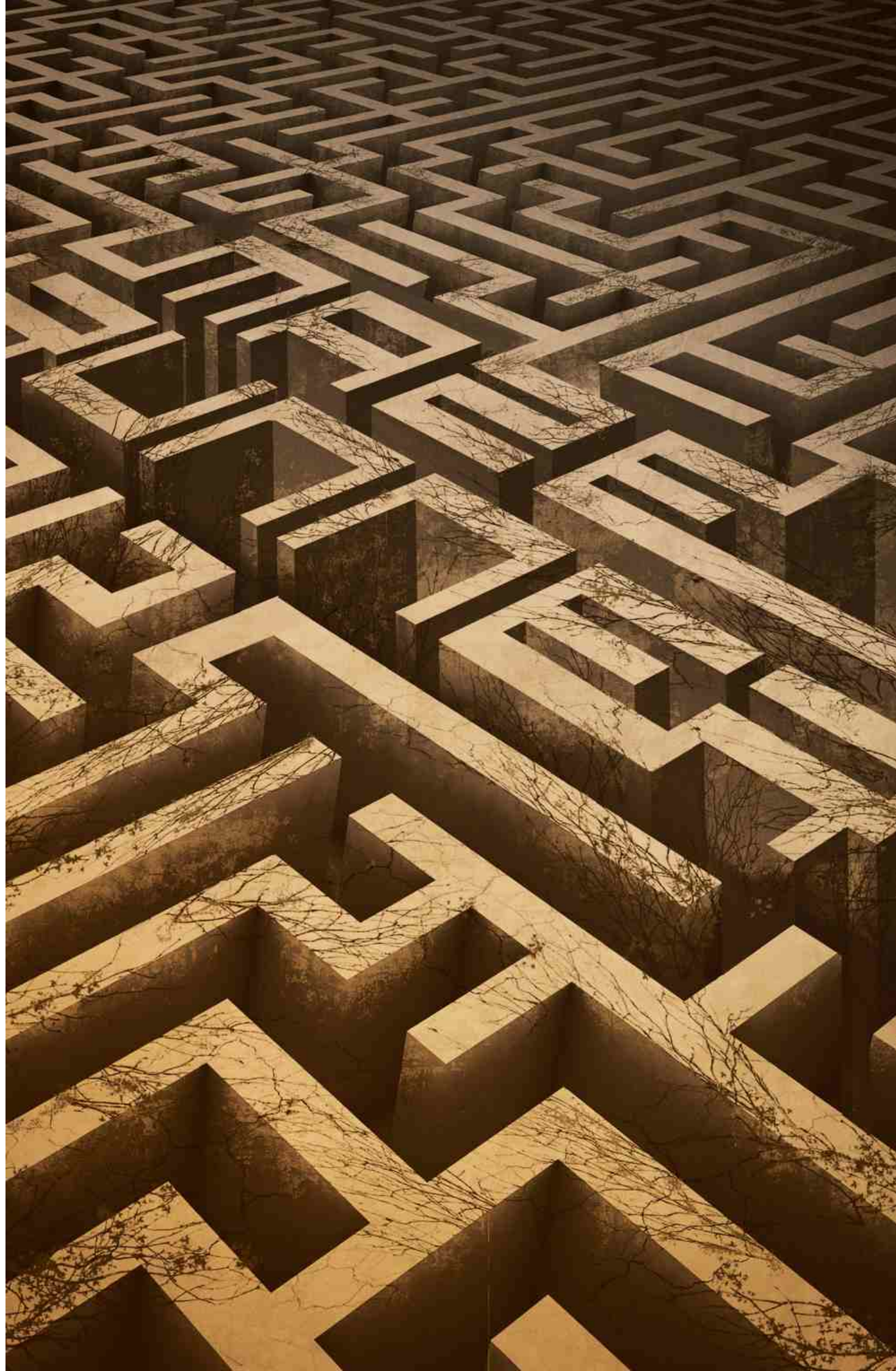


... BUT RUN.

END.

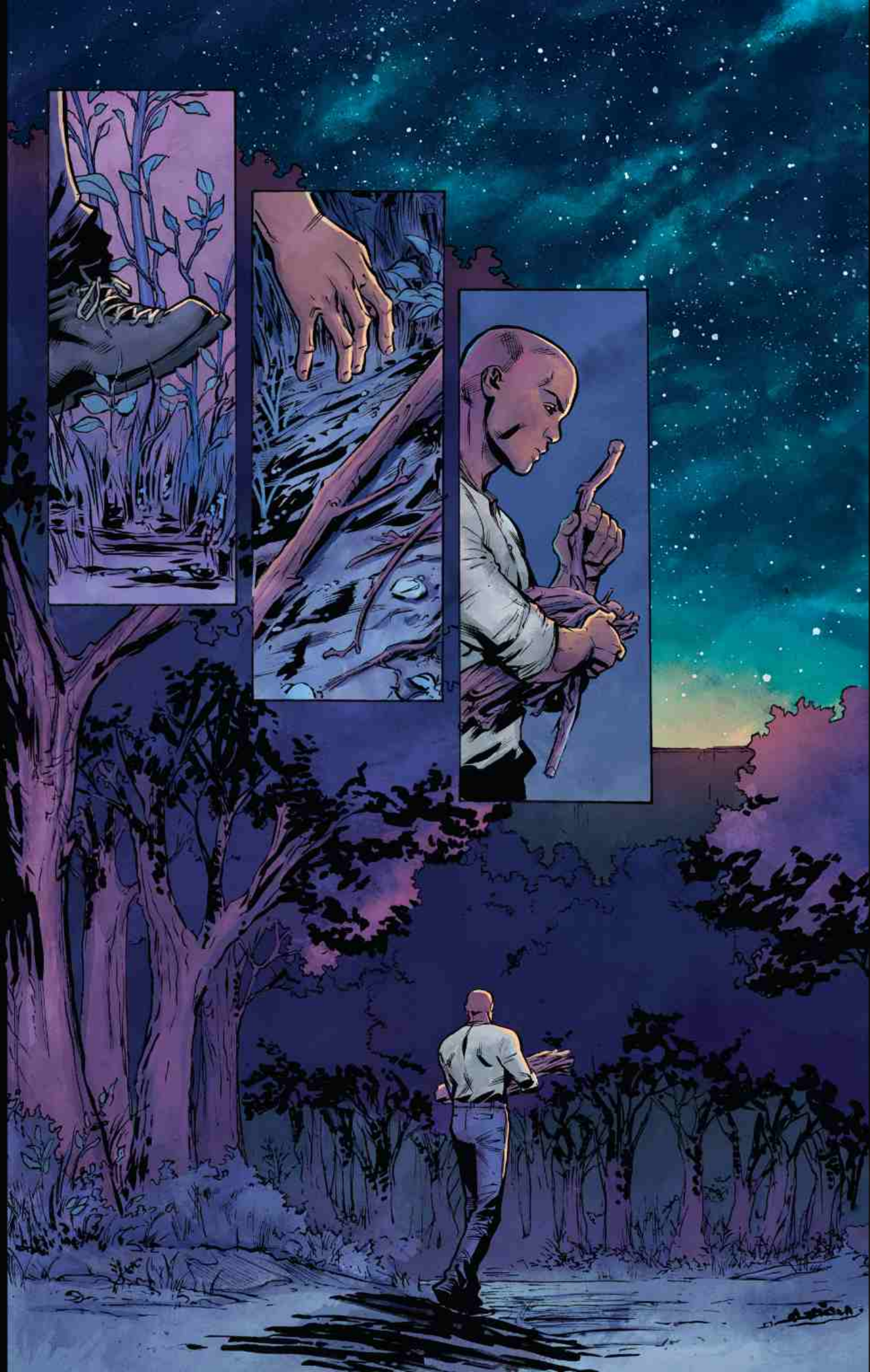
















CHP  
CHP

YOU WARM  
ENOUGH,  
GEORGE?

STRANGE, ISN'T IT? THE  
WAY IT NEVER SEEMS  
TO GET ANY WARMER  
OR COLDER. EVERY  
NIGHT'S EXACTLY  
THE SAME.

DO YOU  
EVEN THINK  
IT'S REAL?

IT TOOK ME  
A FEW WEEKS  
TO EVEN NOTICE.  
EARLY ON, THE  
WEATHER WAS  
THE LAST THING  
ON MY MIND.

THE FIRST DAYS  
WERE THE HARDEST.  
YOU'RE LUCKY. YOU HAD  
SOMEONE HERE TO GREET  
YOU WHEN YOU CAME UP. I  
DIDN'T HAVE THAT. IT WAS  
JUST ME, ALONE IN THIS  
PLACE FOR ALMOST A  
MONTH. AFTER A WHILE, IT  
STARTED TO FEEL LIKE  
PUNISHMENT.

THE WORST  
PART'S NOT EVEN  
REMEMBERING WHAT  
YOU'RE BEING PUNISHED  
FOR. NOT *REMEMBERING*  
ANYTHING. OUR NAMES,  
SURE--WORDS AND SKILLS,  
BASIC STUFF...JUST  
ENOUGH TO KNOW  
SOMETHING'S  
*MISSING.*





YOU SAVED MY LIFE, YOU KNOW THAT? BEFORE YOU SHOWED UP, I'D FINALLY HAD ENOUGH. SEE THAT TREE?

I CLIMBED TO THE TOP-- TIED OFF THE ROPE.

I WAS ALL SET TO JUMP ...WASN'T EVEN SCARED. WHEREVER I WAS GOING, IT COULDN'T BE WORSE THAN THIS PLACE.

THEN I HEARD IT...THAT ALARM. THAT SAME SOUND I HEARD WHEN I ARRIVED. I CLIMBED DOWN AND THERE YOU WERE, SOAKING WET...

COULDN'T EVEN REMEMBER YOUR OWN NAME.

I THOUGHT SOMEONE WAS TELLING ME SOMETHING--TO HOLD ON, JUST A BIT LONGER. IT FELT LIKE A SECOND CHANCE.

I'M SORRY, GEORGE...I NEVER SHOULD'VE LET YOU OUTSIDE THE WALLS. BUT YOU JUST HAD TO SEE WHAT'S OUT THERE...











AAAAAAHHH



AAAAHHH



SHKLIK

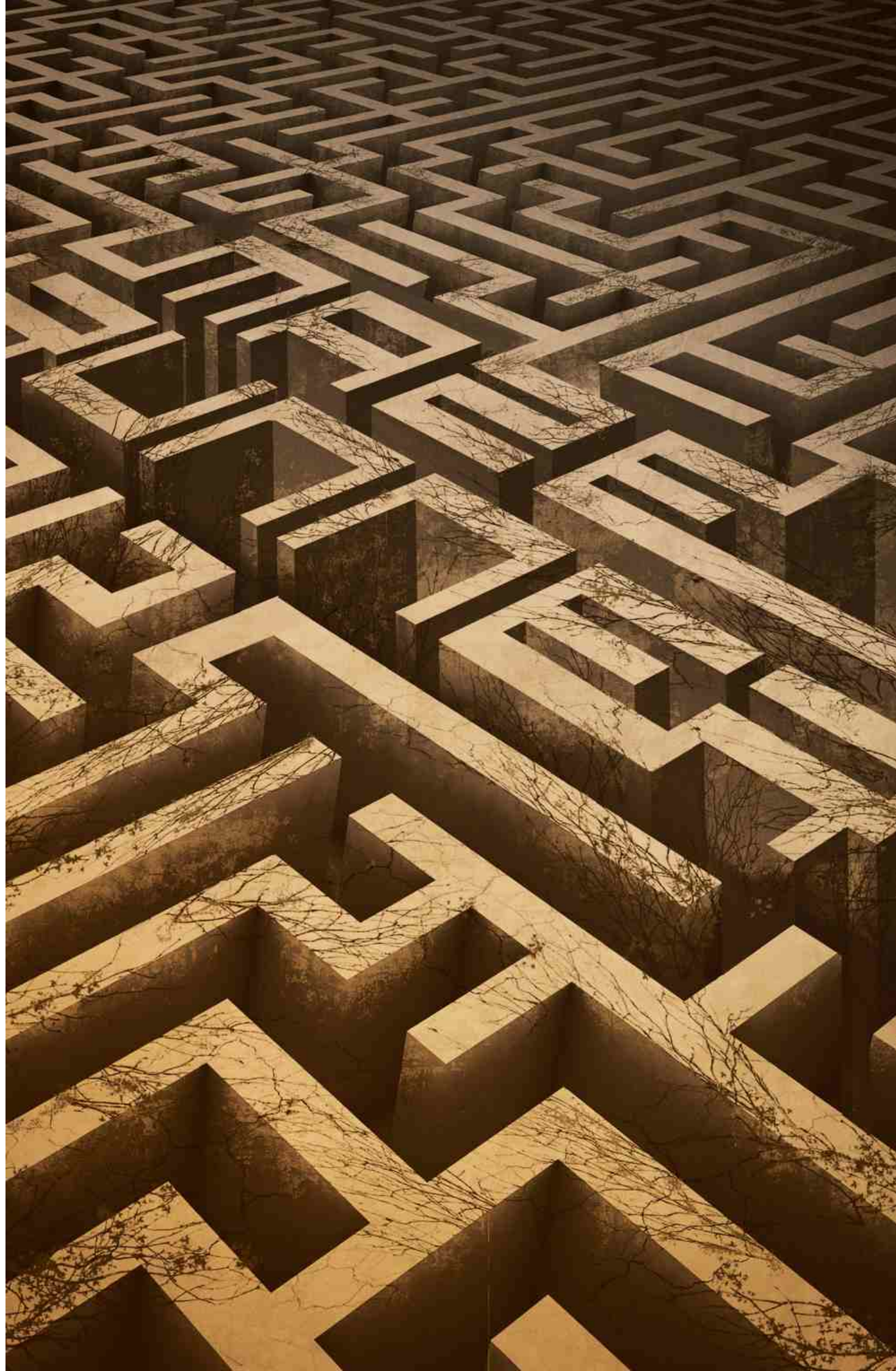


I'LL DO BETTER...















WHERE...

WHERE  
AM I?

OH.

OKAY. THIS IS A THING  
THAT IS WEIRD.

I'M IN A CAGE. METAL ABOVE,  
METAL BELOW. NO, NOT JUST  
A CAGE. AN ELEVATOR.

NEVER WOKE UP IN AN ELEVATOR  
BEFORE. THEN AGAIN, I CAN'T  
REMEMBER WAKING UP BEFORE  
AT ALL. I DON'T REMEMBER  
ANYTHING.

I KNOW THE CONCEPT OF AN  
ELEVATOR BUT I DON'T KNOW  
MY OWN NAME. THAT'S A  
LITTLE EXTRA WEIRD.

HEAD TRAUMA?  
RESULTANT AMNESIA?  
KINDA PSEUDOSCIENCE,  
PLUS I'VE GOT NO  
HEADACHE.

SO EITHER I'VE JUST HAD  
SOME KIND OF ABNORMAL  
NEUROLOGICAL EVENT OR  
MY MEMORIES HAVE BEEN  
FORCIBLY--

**KACHUNK**

HUH. TOP FLOOR.  
GOING DOWN.

OR MAYBE  
NOT.

MAYBE I'M NOT  
GOING DOWN  
AT ALL.

MAYBE I'M  
GOING UP.

MAYBE I'M  
FREE.



# THE TRUE MAZE







ON THE MARCH TO THE TREE, I LEARN SOME BASICS.

THE GIRLS CALL THEMSELVES ICERS. THERE'S EIGHT OF THEM, TRAPPED HERE THE SAME AS I AM.

THEY CALL THIS PLACE THE SPRING. WALLS AROUND IT IN EVERY DIRECTION. THEY OPEN EVERY MORNING, CLOSE EVERY NIGHT.

EVERYTHING BEYOND IS MAZE.

ALSO? THEY ARE NOT EXACTLY TRUSTING.



OVER TWO YEARS SINCE I GOT DROPPED INTO THIS PLACE AND I AIN'T NEVER SEEN A BOY!

HE'S THE LAST ONE EVER. THAT'S WHAT IT SAYS, THIS NOTE THAT WAS PINNED ON HIS SHIRT.

NONE OF US HAVE. EVERY MONTH, LIKE CLOCKWORK, IT'S A NEW GIRL. AND NOW, ALL OF A SUDDEN, THIS THING ARRIVES?

I DON'T TRUST IT. WASN'T BORN YESTERDAY. HE'S A SPY. A JINX.

THE LAST ONE OF US. LOOK AT HIM, XIMENA! HE'S JUST AS CONFUSED AS ANY OF US WHEN WE ARRIVED!

POINT OF ORDER.



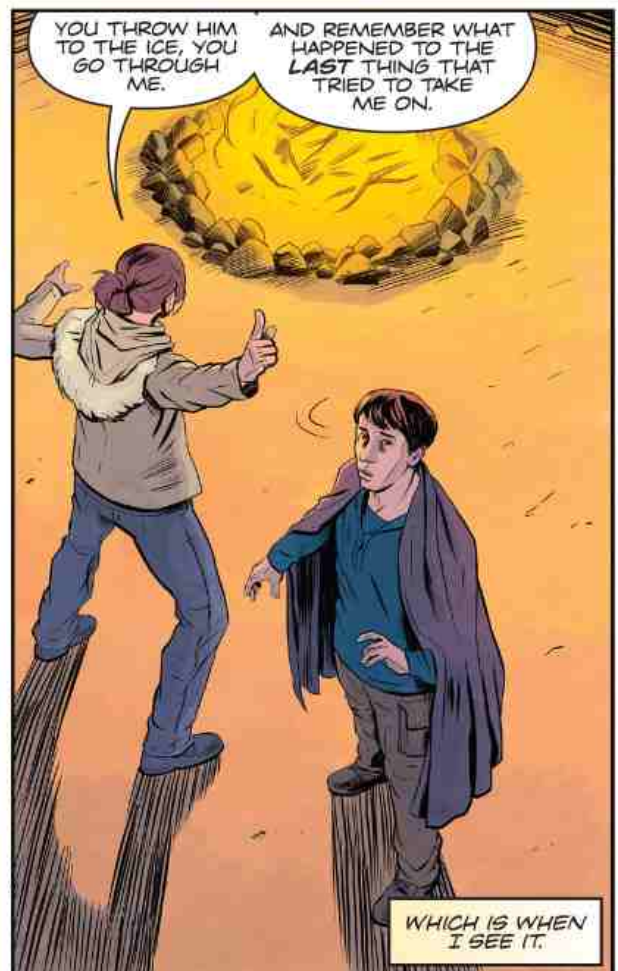
I SAY WE THROW HIM IN THE ICE AND LET THE SHADES TAKE HIM.



ABSOLUTELY NOT!

THAT'S NOT HOW WE DO THINGS, ALEJANDRA. ICERS WORK TOGETHER, AND WE LEAVE NO GIRL BEHIND.

'CEPT HE AIN'T A GIRL.



YOU THROW HIM TO THE ICE, YOU GO THROUGH ME.

AND REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LAST THING THAT TRIED TO TAKE ME ON.

WHICH IS WHEN I SEE IT.



THE SHADE.

OR AT LEAST  
THE BODY OF  
ONE.

I REMEMBER A LOT  
OF ANIMALS, EVEN IF  
I CAN'T REMEMBER  
SEEING THEM BEFORE.  
BIRDS. BATS. BEES.

BUT THE ONLY WORD  
I KNOW FOR THIS IS  
MONSTER.

RACHEL, YOU SAY ONE  
MORE THING ABOUT THAT  
SHADE YOU BAGGED AND I  
SWEAR TO THE MAZE I  
WILL BEAT YOU SO HARD  
THEY'LL HAVE TO HANG  
YOU UP NEXT  
TO IT.

THIS IS  
A DEMOCRACY.  
YOUR MIGHT  
DON'T MAKE  
RIGHT.

KILLING AN  
INNOCENT-BOY  
OR NOT--THAT'S  
WHAT ISN'T  
RIGHT!

YOU WANNA  
THROW DOWN,  
XIMENA?

IF THAT'S  
WHAT KEEPS US  
FROM BECOMING  
MURDERERS, THEN  
COME GET  
SOME--

EXCUSE  
ME.

WHAT?

XIMENA, YOU'RE  
RIGHT. YOU HAVE NO  
REASON TO TRUST  
ME. BUT RACHEL?  
YOU'RE ALSO  
RIGHT.

I'M NOT  
A SPY. I'M NOT  
HERE TO HURT YOU.  
SHUCK, I DON'T EVEN  
KNOW WHY I'M HERE,  
WHICH I THINK YOU  
ALL CAN RELATE TO.  
I'M NOT A GIRL,  
BUT THAT DOESN'T  
MEAN I'M YOUR  
ENEMY.

I DON'T  
REMEMBER WHO  
I AM, BUT I KNOW  
SOME THINGS. I  
KNOW I'M SMART.  
I KNOW I WANT  
TO HELP YOU.

PLEASE  
DON'T LEAVE  
ME BEHIND.

LET  
ME JOIN  
YOU.









EVERY MORNING IN THE SPRING IS EXACTLY THE SAME. A SCIENCE BORN FROM MORE THAN TWENTY MONTHS IN THE MAZE.

ROUTINE. GOOD FOR SURVIVAL AND PERSISTENCE.



AS SOON AS THE SUN COMES OVER THE PEAK, THE GIRLS START MAPPING.

ONE OF THE ONLY SUPPLIES THEY HAVE IN SURPLUS IS PAPER. THEY MAKE CHARCOAL BY BURNING BRANCHES FROM THE DECISION TREE.

AND THOUGH THE MAZE CHANGES EVERY DAY, THEY CAN SEE THE HIGHER LEVELS OF THE MAZE FROM THE SPRING.



RACHEL AND SONYA ARE THE BEST MAPPERS ON THE TEAM. IT'S LIKE THEY CAN RUN THE MAZE IN THEIR HEADS.

WITH THE MAP IN HAND, THE WHOLE COMMUNITY PREPARES TOGETHER.

A TEAM, EACH WITH THEIR OWN STRENGTHS.



EIGHT HARDENED SURVIVORS...AND ME.

I SAY I CAN KEEP UP. I HOPE IT'S TRUE. I NEED TO BELIEVE IT'S TRUE.

SO WHEN THE DOORS OPEN THE NEXT MORNING, I GATHER WITH THE REST. XIMENA LEADS THE COUNTDOWN.



ON THREE, THE ICERS DO WHAT THEY DO BEST...





AND I TRY TO  
KEEP UP.

COME  
ON, GIRLS!  
LET'S **PUSH** IT!  
SUMMIT'S JUST  
AROUND THE  
BEND.

SONYA,  
YOU'RE ON POINT.  
HARRIET...



MAKE  
THE  
THROW!

SWISH

A PRACTICED  
MOVE.



SIMPLE.



FLAWLESS.



FOR A MOMENT,  
I'M RELIEVED.



BUT THEN I REALIZE  
THAT THE TRUE MAZE  
HASN'T EVEN BEGUN.









I TOLD HER I COULD  
MAKE IT.

BUT MY ARMS WON'T MOVE. MY  
LEGS CAN'T PULL THE SPIKES  
OUT OF THE WALL, LET ALONE  
PLUNGE THEM BACK IN.

I CAN'T DO IT. I WANT TO, I  
TELL MY BODY TO MOVE, TELL  
EVERY MUSCLE TO PUSH  
ITSELF BEYOND THE LIMITS.

BUT I  
CAN'T.

KRAAK



TIME SLOWS  
DOWN.

MY EARS CAN  
ONLY HEAR THE  
RINGING.

AND I KNOW  
I'M DEAD.



I CAN BARELY  
HEAR SONYA  
SHOUTING.

BARELY MAKE OUT  
HER MEANING.

BUT AS SHE SCREAMS IT  
OVER AND OVER, THE WORD  
BECOMES CLEAR.



"SHADE."





IN THE SILENT  
STILLNESS, I REACH  
FOR RACHEL.

HER HAND CLASPS  
MINE. WARM WITH  
LIFE.

AND THEN  
GONE.





SHE'LL NEVER  
RUN AGAIN.









WHICH IS WHEN  
I SEE IT.

AT FIRST THE NOTION  
SEEMS ABSURD, BUT  
INSPECTION ONLY  
CORROBORATES MY  
THINKING.

A PATTERN ON THE  
UNDERSIDE OF THE  
WINGS, PALE PINK  
CROSSED WITH DARK  
BLACK LINES.



NOT JUST VEINS, THOUGH  
THAT'S WHAT THEY'D APPEAR  
TO BE. SOMETHING MUCH  
STRANGER.

ANGULAR TURNS. WHEELS  
WITHIN WHEELS. CIRCUITS  
LEADING IN CONFUSING  
PATTERNS.

ONE ENTRANCE. ONE  
END POINT.

A MAZE.



THIS IS THE  
MISSING PIECE.  
JUST LIKE THAT,  
IT ALL MAKES  
SENSE.

THE SHADES  
DON'T PROTECT  
THE END OF  
THE MAZE.

THE SHADES  
ARE THE END  
OF THE MAZE.



I'M GONNA NEED  
PAPER. LOTS AND  
LOTS OF PAPER.





THE ICERS GATHER THE NEXT MORNING, MOSTLY TO MAKE SURE RACHEL KNOWS THAT EVEN THOUGH SHE CAN'T RUN, SHE'S STILL ONE OF THEM.

THEY WON'T EVEN LOOK AT ME.



BUT SHE DOES, WITH THE SAME KINDNESS AS BEFORE HER FALL.

YOU KNOW, YOU DON'T NEED TO DOTE ON ME. THIS ISN'T YOUR FAULT. YOU BROKE MY FALL.

IF WE'RE GONNA BE STUCK HERE TOGETHER, CAN YOU AT LEAST DROP THE SAD SACK ROUTINE AND LET THE PAST BE THE PAST?



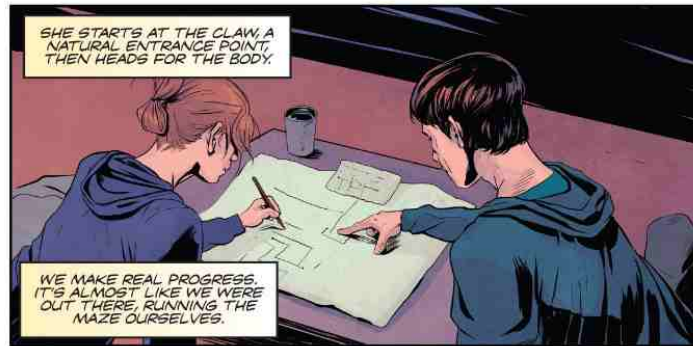
I TELL HER I CAN.

I TELL HER WE HAVE WORK TO DO.



WHEN SHE SEES THE MAP, I SWEAR HER SMILE COULD LIGHT UP THE SPRING.

SHE'S A NATURAL. PRACTICED AND DRIVEN BY INSTINCT.



SHE STARTS AT THE CLAW, A NATURAL ENTRANCE POINT, THEN HEADS FOR THE BODY.

WE MAKE REAL PROGRESS. IT'S ALMOST LIKE WE WERE OUT THERE, RUNNING THE MAZE OURSELVES.



ALMOST.



EVERY DAY, AFTER THEY LEAVE FOR THE ICE AGAIN, I DRAW THE NEXT PART OF THE PATTERN.



AND RACHEL RUNS IT LIKE AN EXPERT.

WE MAKE A GOOD TEAM, AND FOR ONCE, I FEEL LIKE I'M ACTUALLY GOOD AT SOMETHING.



WE MAKE GOOD PARTNERS.



BUT FOR EVERY BIT OF PROGRESS WE MAKE, THE SHADES IN THE MAZE GET BOLDER.

THE ICERS DON'T EVEN MAKE IT TO THE SUMMIT ANYMORE. THE ICE IS ONLY DEATH NOW.



OUR ONLY HOPE IS THAT WHEREVER THIS LEADS US...



WHATEVER IS INSIDE THIS SHADE, AT THE END OF THIS MAZE...



OUR ONLY HOPE IS THAT IT'S WORTH IT.



SQUELCH









THE  
SHADES, YOU  
JUST RANG  
THE DINNER  
BELL.



IT DIDN'T  
WORK.

WE  
DON'T KNOW  
THAT. WE DON'T  
KNOW WHAT'S  
GOING TO  
HAPPEN.

IT DIDN'T  
SAVE US. IT WAS  
JUST ANOTHER  
TRAP. I'M SO  
SORRY.

DON'T  
BE.



YOU DIDN'T SAVE US, SURE. BUT  
THE TWO OF YOU PUT AN END  
TO THIS FIGHT. WE'RE EITHER  
KILLING THOSE SHADES AND  
CLIMBING OUT OF THIS  
PLACE...

OR WE'RE DEAD.  
SIMPLE AS  
THAT.

SO DON'T  
BE SORRY. YOU DID  
FREE US, AFTER A  
FASHION.



HARRIET'S  
RIGHT.

NO MORE  
RUNNING. IT'S  
TIME WE TOOK A  
STAND.



TOGETHER.



TOGETHER.

IF I'M GOING TO DIE,  
I CAN'T THINK OF A  
BETTER WAY.





FOR A SECOND, IT LOOKS LIKE WE MIGHT HAVE A CHANCE.



JUST A SINGLE SECOND.



RACHEL!



SKEEEK

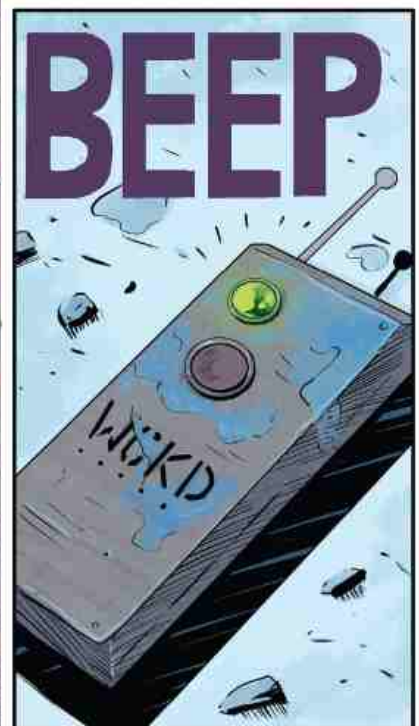
MY LAST DECISION.



MY LAST CHANCE.



THE LAST THING I'LL EVER SEE.



BEEP









SONYA AND HARRIET.  
PARTNERS UNTIL  
THE END.

I HOPE THEY'LL MAKE  
IT. I HOPE THEY'LL  
SURVIVE.



RACHEL AND I ARE  
PARTNERS, TOO. SO  
I DO MY PART.



AND I GET HER  
TO SAFETY.



I TELL HER IT'LL BE ALRIGHT.  
I SEE IT IN HER EYES. LIKE  
SHE DOESN'T BELIEVE.

SO I SAY THE WORDS,  
OVER AND OVER AGAIN.



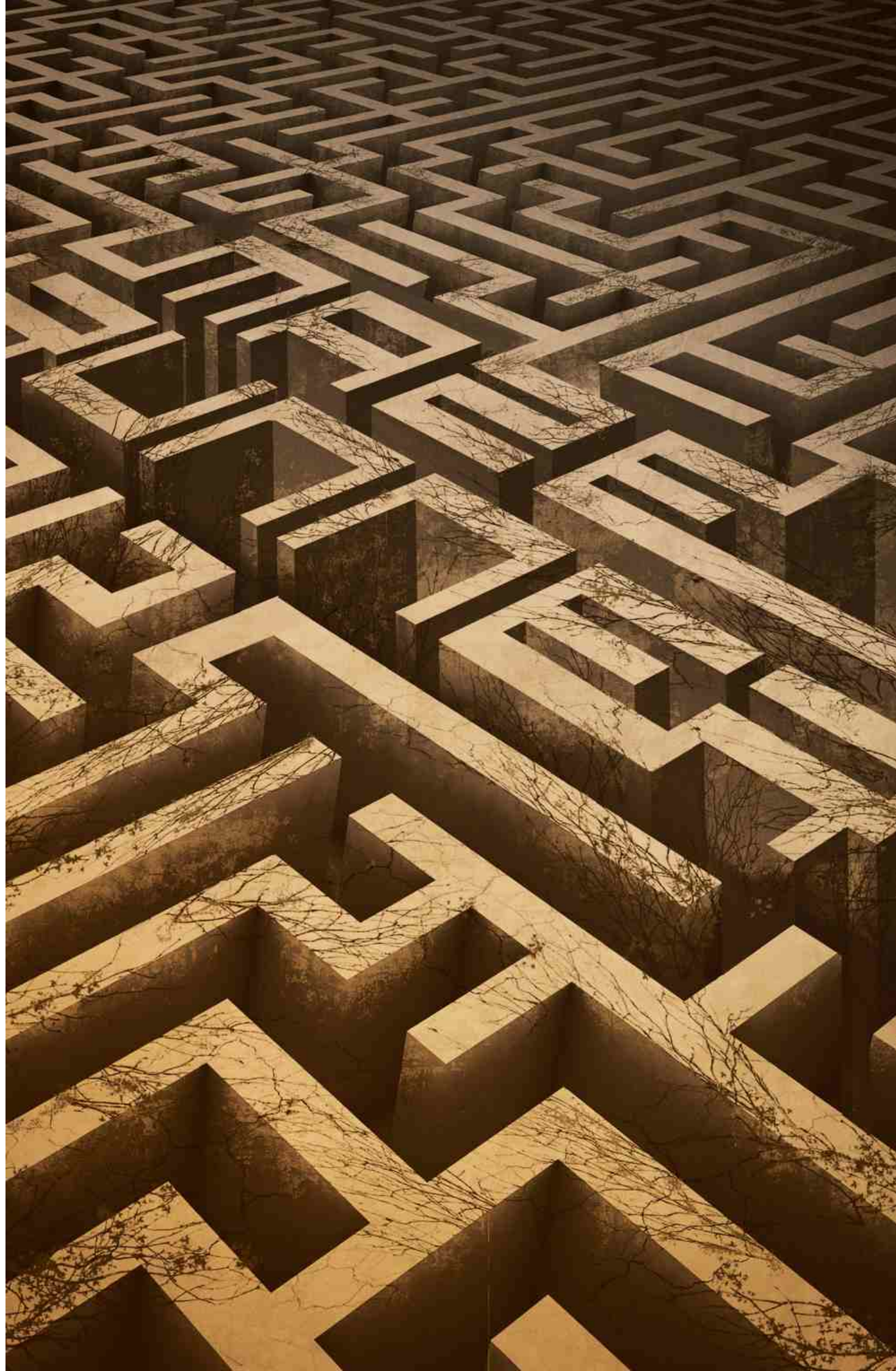
WE ARE SAFE. THE  
ONLY PEOPLE LEFT  
TO TELL THE TALE  
OF THE ICERS.

WE'RE  
SAFE.



WE'RE  
SAFE.





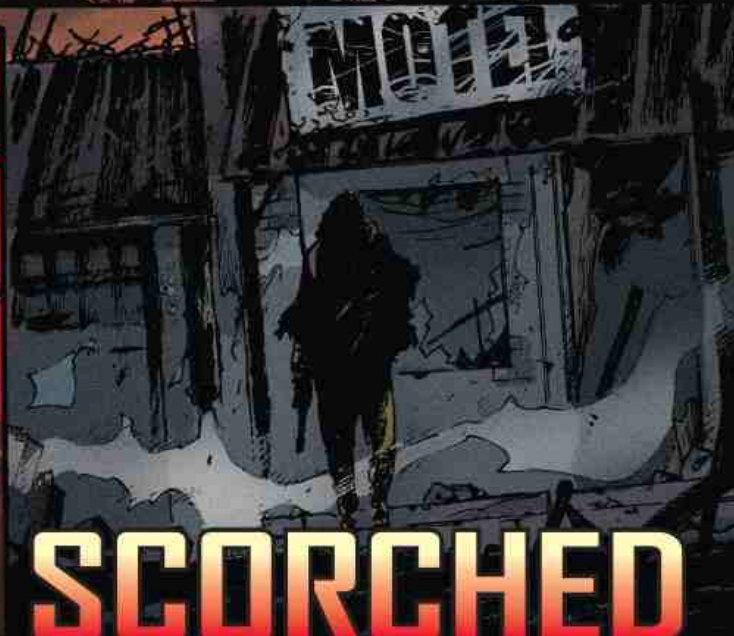
















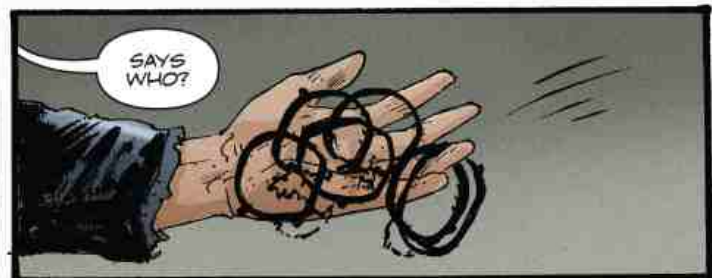
















WHY NOT A CELL? GOTTA BE MORE SECURE, RIGHT?

NEVER SLEEP ANYWHERE WITH ONLY ONE EXIT.

THAT CRANK GUARD DOG YOU SET OUTSIDE? THAT WAS SMART, I'LL GIVE YOU THAT.

BUT AN ALARM AIN'T WORTH DIRT IF YOU GOT NOWHERE TO RUN.



WHAT HAPPENS TOMORROW?

I MEAN, GEORGE AND I USED TO TAKE TURNS KEEPING WATCH. IF I'M ALONE...

GEORGE?

MY BROTHER.

...MY NAME IS JORGE.

I'M BRENDA.

AND IF YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TAKE ME WITH YOU, SEEMS TO ME YOU AT LEAST HAVE TO LEAVE ME SOMEWHERE SAFE.



OR OF COURSE YOU COULD JUST SHOOT ME YOURSELF.

KINDA HOPING AGAINST THAT OPTION, THOUGH.



NOWHERE IS SAFE.

BUT I KNOW A PLACE THAT'S TRYING.





WHERE IS THIS PLACE?

THE PEOPLE WE'RE LOOKING FOR TEND TO MOVE. OUTPOSTS EVERYWHERE. SO I DON'T KNOW.



KA KAW.

HANDS IN THE SKY. TREAD SLOW.



DAMN, JORGE, YOU ALMOST ENDED UP WITH A BELLY FULL OF CRANK REPELLENT.

THAT CLUNKER BREAK DOWN ON YOU YET?

YOU KNOW THAT THING SURVIVED WORSE THAN THIS. FINALLY CHANGE YOUR MIND ABOUT JOINING UP?



NEVER HAVE. NEVER WILL.



BUT THIS ONE WANTS TO MEET THE RIGHT ARM.







THE RIGHT  
ARM?

AREN'T THEY  
SUPPOSED TO BE  
SOME KIND OF  
TERRORISTS?



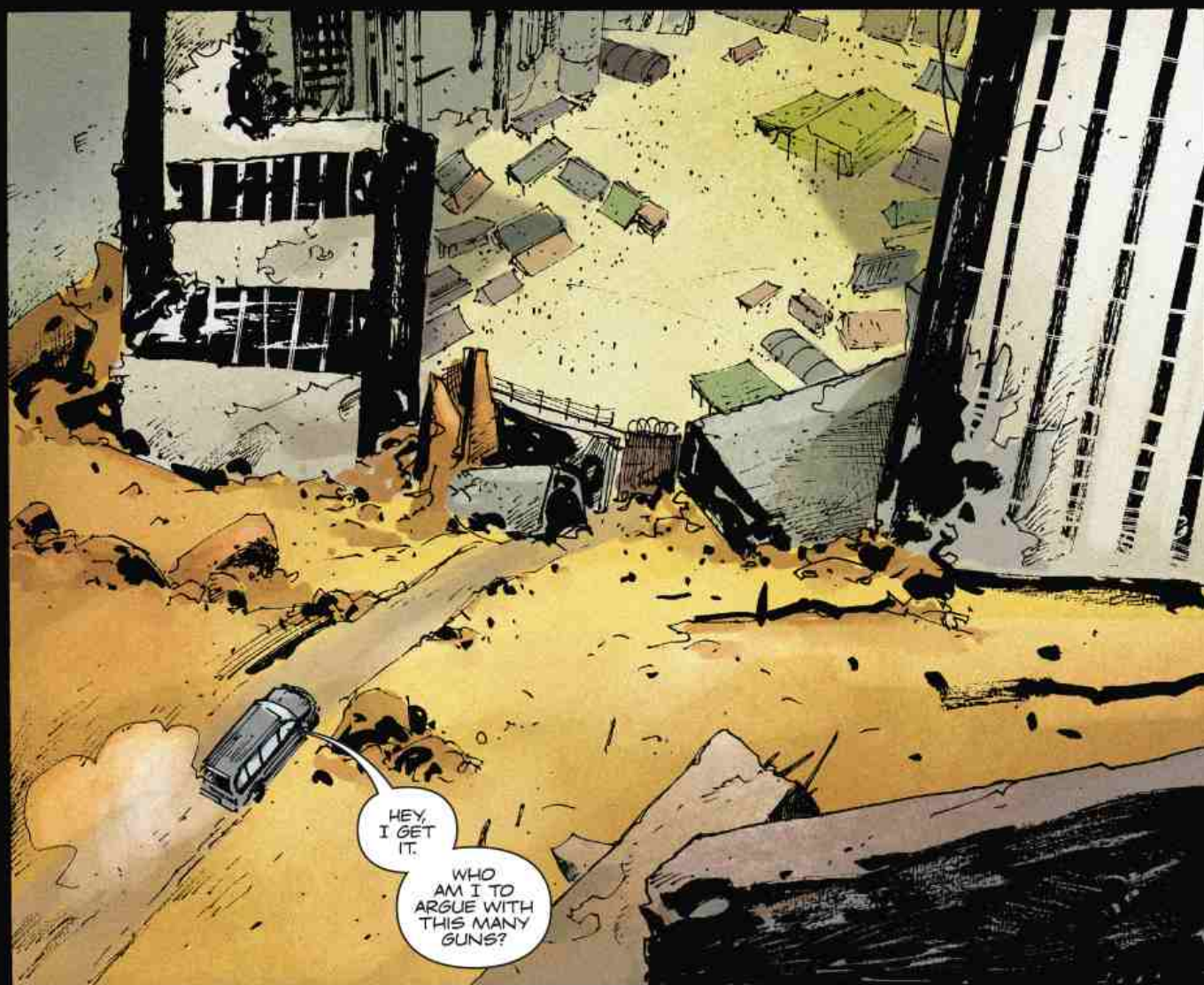
DON'T BELIEVE  
EVERYTHING YOU  
SEE ON A POSTER. THEY  
HAVE SUPPLIES. THEY KILL  
CRANKS. THEY HATE WCKD.

THEY'RE  
SELF-RIGHTEOUS  
PENDEJOS.



THE RIGHT  
ARM IS SAVING  
HUMANITY,  
JORGE.

WHETHER  
YOU LIKE IT  
OR NOT.



HEY,  
I GET  
IT.

WHO  
AM I TO  
ARGUE WITH  
THIS MANY  
GUNS?











THU THU THU THU THU



BRAKAKAKAKAK

Pft

AAAAHH!



Pft  
Pft





BRAK



YOU DON'T WANT THIS ONE, SHE AIN'T IMMUNE!

WE'RE COLLECTING ALL SPECIMENS.



SLAM

errrkxx



JORGE, LET'S GO.

LEAVE THE GIRL.

EXCUSE ME?

IT'S KIDS WCKD IS AFTER, NOT US.

I AIN'T GIVING THEM ANY REASON TO CHASE ME.

THEN I SUGGEST YOU DRIVE.



YOU DIDN'T RUN.

OH, WE'RE RUNNING ALL RIGHT.



YOU GONNA USE THAT? OR IS IT JUST FOR CRANKS?

OH, NO, IT'S FOR EVIL BASTARDS TOO.

BUT WCKD'S GOT A LONG REACH AND I'D RATHER THEY DIDN'T HAVE A REASON TO REMEMBER ME.



YEAH, WELL...

...THEY TOOK MY BROTHER.



I'D LIKE TO BE UNFORGETTABLE.



AAIEEE!

BRAK



COME ON, YOU STUPID GIRL. NOTHING NOBLE IN SUICIDE.









YOU'RE BLEEDING THEM.

THEY'VE ALL VOLUNTEERED. YOU JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND.



WHAT WE'RE DOING IS GOOD.



YEAH, I'VE HEARD THAT BEFORE.



WE FOUND THE HOLD OUTS!

**BRABRAB**

NOO!



DAMN... JORGE...

YOU GONNA USE THAT OR KEEP HIDING?

WE'RE NOT GOING TO WAR FOR YOU, MARY.



THIS ISN'T THE END FOR THE RIGHT ARM.



IT IS FOR ME.

ARH!













AND  
WHERE  
ARE YOU  
GOING?

AND  
DON'T YOU  
DARE SAY  
THE FUTURE.  
THAT'S MY  
LINE.



I SAW WHEN  
YOUR BROTHER  
WAS TAKEN. I HAD  
MY GUN. I WAS  
GOING TO ROB  
YOU.

I  
KNOW.

AND I  
COULD'VE  
SAVED  
YOU.

YOU  
DID SAVE ME.  
EVENTUALLY. SO MY  
QUESTION STILL  
STANDS.

I'M GOING  
SOMEWHERE.  
I CAN'T PROMISE  
IT'LL BE SAFE.

THAT'S  
FINE. I'M DONE  
WITH **SAFE**. LAST  
QUESTION:



HOW DO I  
PROFIT?

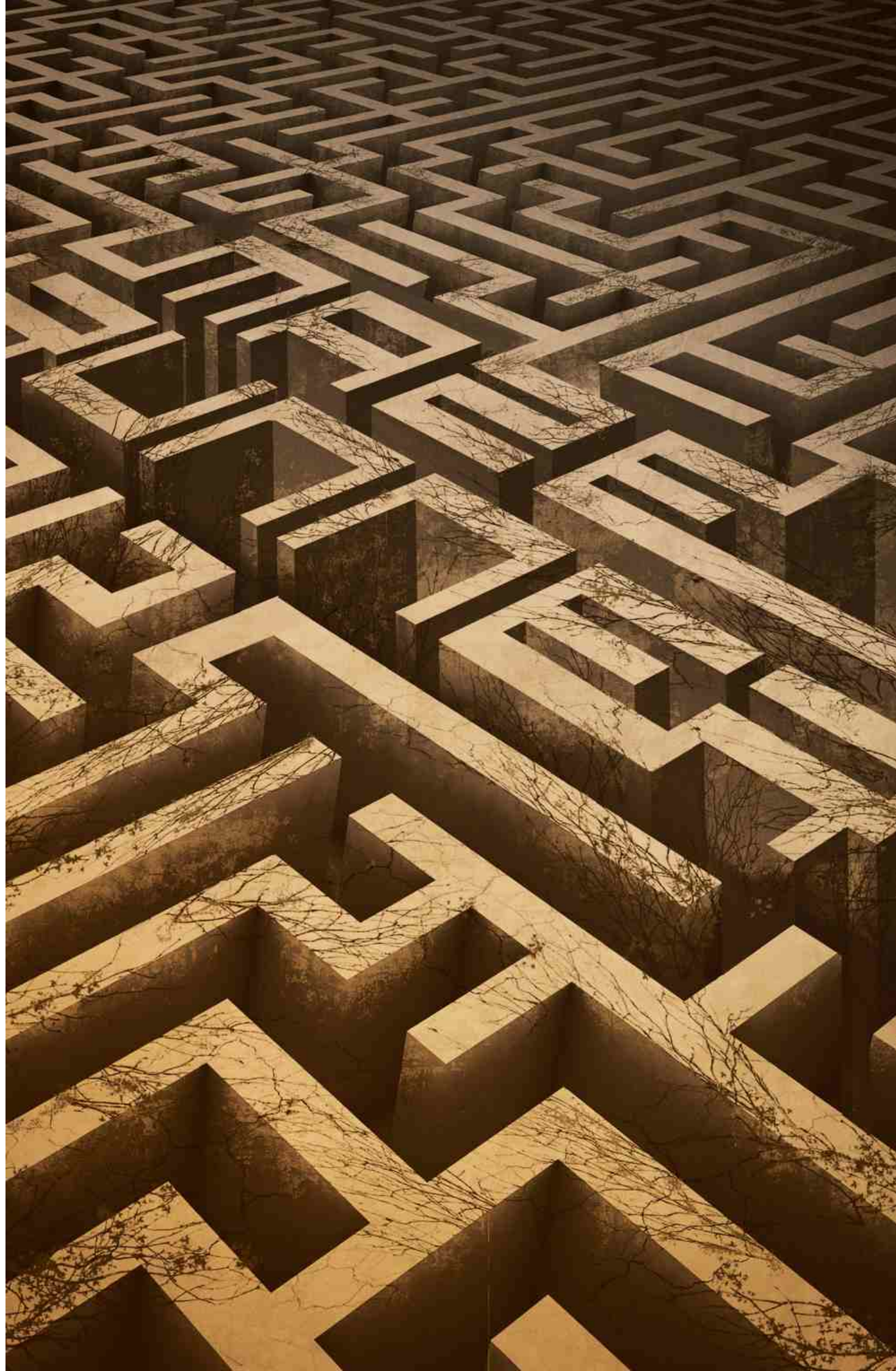


I'M  
THINKING  
YOU COME  
WITH.



THE END













THERE ARE FEW EVENTS  
IN HUMAN HISTORY THAT  
THE ENTIRE WORLD  
EXPERIENCES AS ONE.

EVEN FEWER THAT  
COME AS A COMPLETE  
SURPRISE.



THESE FLEETING MOMENTS,  
UNIQUE AND SURPRISING,  
THEY GIVE US SOMETHING.

THEY UNITE US IN  
SHARED CELEBRATION.  
AWE. TERROR.

THEY BRING US TOGETHER MORE  
THAN OUR DIFFERENCES CAN TEAR  
US APART. THEY'RE SOMETHING TO  
BE GRATEFUL FOR.



SO LET US REMEMBER  
THAT WHEN WE SPEAK  
ABOUT THE EVENTS OF  
LAST OCTOBER.

EVEN AS WE REMEMBER  
ALL THAT HORRIBLE DAY  
TOOK FROM US.



# WORLD GONE



# WICKED









YOU WANT TO KILL  
FOUR HUNDRED AND  
TWENTY MILLION  
PEOPLE.

AND YOU  
THINK THAT  
WON'T CAUSE  
RIOTS.



I DON'T WANT  
TO DO ANYTHING  
OF THE KIND. THE  
THOUGHT MAKES  
ME SICK. I HAVE  
CHILDREN, DR.  
COOPER.

BUT  
THE WRECKAGE OF  
HUMANITY THAT CLINGS TO  
THIS HUSK OF A PLANET, THE  
POOR DESPERATE PEOPLE  
WHO ARE STILL HERE? THEY  
NEED US TO MAKE THE HARD  
DECISIONS. THEY NEED  
US TO THINK SICK  
THOUGHTS.

SO, YES, I THINK  
WE ALL KNOW WHAT  
HAS TO BE DONE. THE  
QUESTION, AS YOU  
RIGHTLY POINT  
OUT, IS HOW.



I WON'T  
BE PARTY  
TO THIS.

YOU  
WALK OUT  
THAT DOOR  
AND WE'LL ACT  
WITHOUT YOU.

FINE. I HAVE  
A CLEAR  
CONSCIENCE.



DO  
YOU?

BEFORE THE  
EVENT, YOU WERE  
STUDYING A GENE  
THAT OCCURS  
RANDOMLY IN  
30% OF THE  
POPULATION.

IF WE  
COULD TARGET  
JUST THOSE  
INDIVIDUALS IN  
SECRET, MAKE  
IT LOOK  
RANDOM--

I'M NOT  
HELPING YOU  
KILL THOSE  
PEOPLE.

YOU  
ALREADY HAVE,  
DR. COOPER. YOUR  
RESEARCH BELONGS  
TO US. WE DON'T NEED  
YOU. WE WILL DO  
THIS WITHOUT  
YOU.



BUT IF YOU STAY, YOU  
CAN MAKE SURE WE DO IT  
RIGHT. THAT WE DON'T  
MESS IT UP. THAT  
PEOPLE DON'T DIE  
NEEDLESSLY.

YOU  
CAN MAKE  
SURE WE SAVE  
THE WORLD. WHAT  
DO YOU SAY,  
MARY?



WHAT YOU  
NEED IS A  
VIRUS.



MONTH ONE.



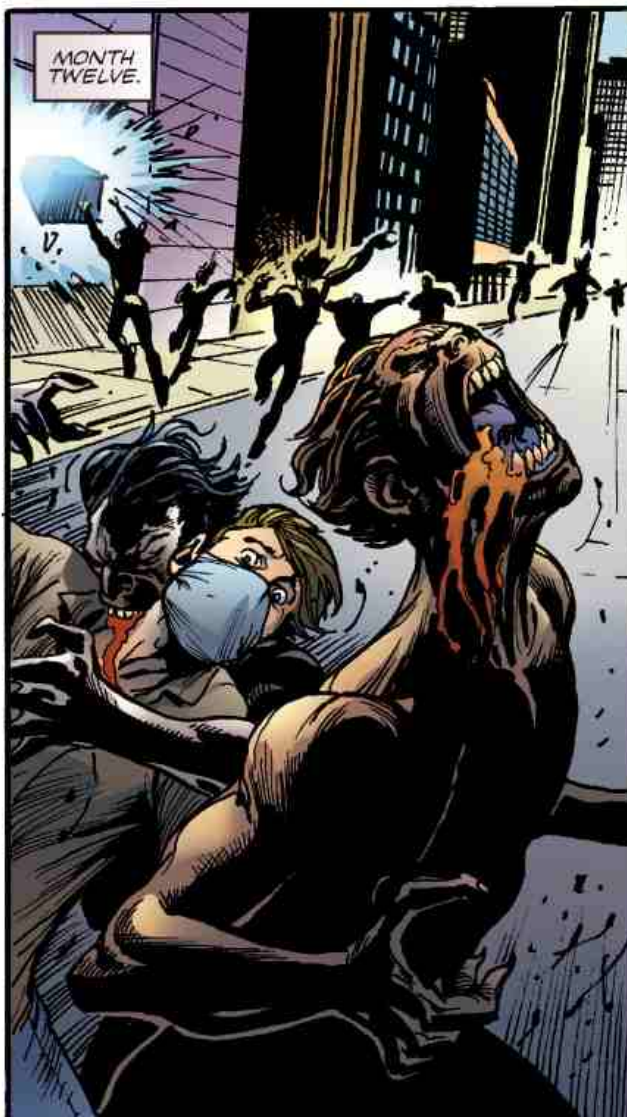
MONTH TWO.



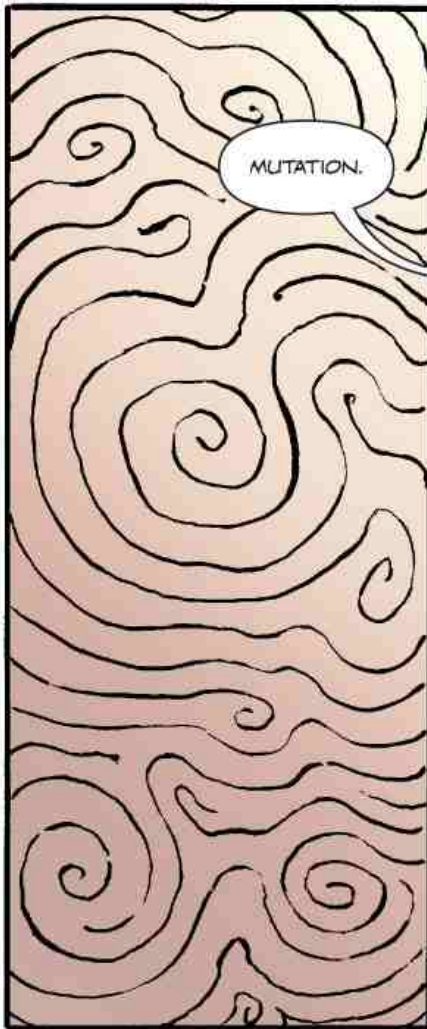
MONTH SEVEN.



MONTH TWELVE.







MUTATION.



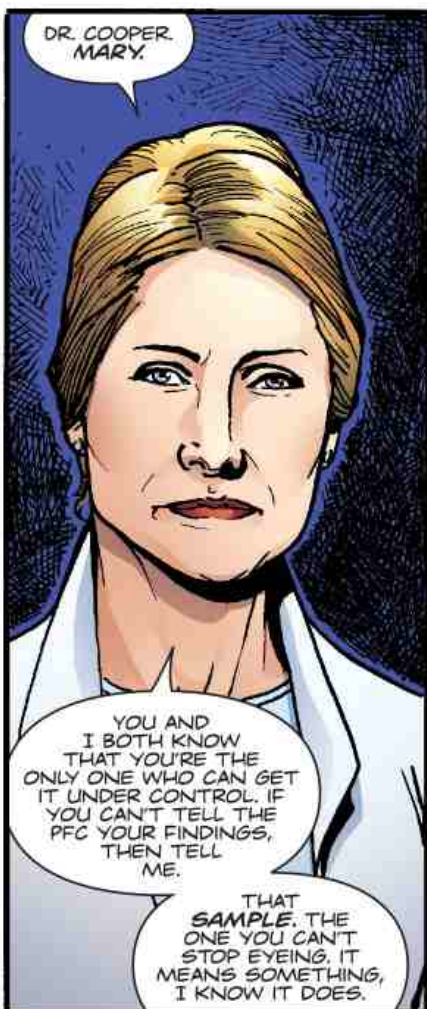
A SIMPLE  
MUTATION.

THE PEOPLE  
HAVE STARTED  
CALLING THEM  
CRANKS.



WE HAVE  
OCCURRENCES  
IN MOST MAJOR  
POPULATION CENTERS.  
FORTUNATELY, THE  
SCORCH IS SLOWING  
THEM DOWN-FIRST  
GOOD THING THE  
FLARES HAVE  
DONE FOR  
US.

MEANS  
WE HAVE  
TIME TO FIX  
THIS.



DR. COOPER  
MARY.

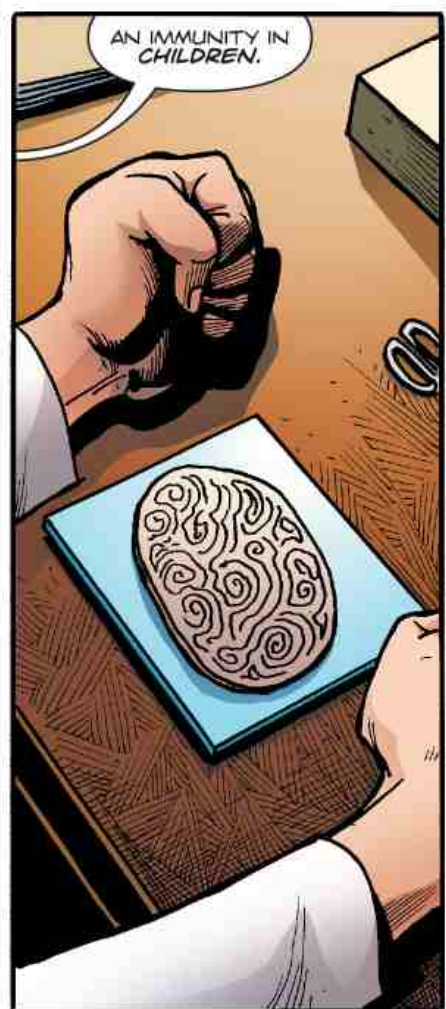
YOU AND  
I BOTH KNOW  
THAT YOU'RE THE  
ONLY ONE WHO CAN GET  
IT UNDER CONTROL. IF  
YOU CAN'T TELL THE  
PFC YOUR FINDINGS,  
THEN TELL  
ME.

THAT  
SAMPLE. THE  
ONE YOU CAN'T  
STOP EYEING. IT  
MEANS SOMETHING,  
I KNOW IT DOES.



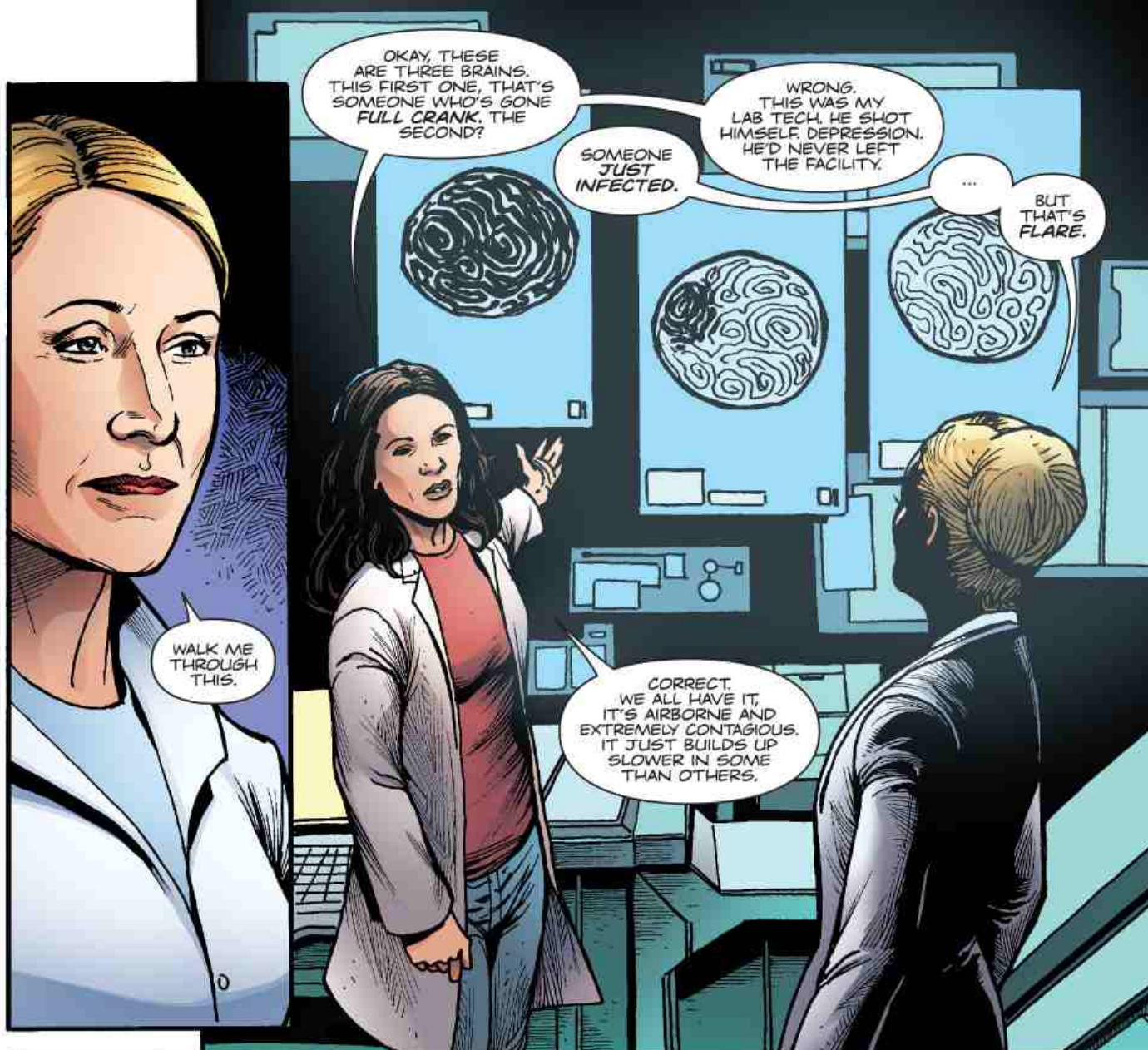
...

I FOUND AN  
IMMUNITY.



AN IMMUNITY IN  
CHILDREN.





OKAY, THESE ARE THREE BRAINS. THIS FIRST ONE, THAT'S SOMEONE WHO'S GONE FULL CRANK. THE SECOND?

SOMEONE JUST INFECTED.

WRONG. THIS WAS MY LAB TECH. HE SHOT HIMSELF. DEPRESSION. HE'D NEVER LEFT THE FACILITY.

... BUT THAT'S FLARE.

WALK ME THROUGH THIS.

CORRECT. WE ALL HAVE IT, IT'S AIRBORNE AND EXTREMELY CONTAGIOUS. IT JUST BUILDS UP SLOWER IN SOME THAN OTHERS.



EXCEPT IN SAMPLE 03.

CORRECT. THIS WAS A BOY. THIRTEEN. DIED OF PNEUMONIA. BUT INSTEAD OF FLARE...



HE HAS SOMETHING ELSE. AN ACTIVE, AGGRESSIVE IMMUNITY, CAUSED BY A GENE I'M WORKING TO PINPOINT. THAT GENE CREATES AN ENZYME REGULATED BY THE BRAIN THAT TURNS THE POINT OF INFECTION INTO A CONCENTRATED POINT OF HEALING.

A KILLZONE THAT TARGETS MY VIRUS.



THIS IS IT. THIS IS THE CURE.

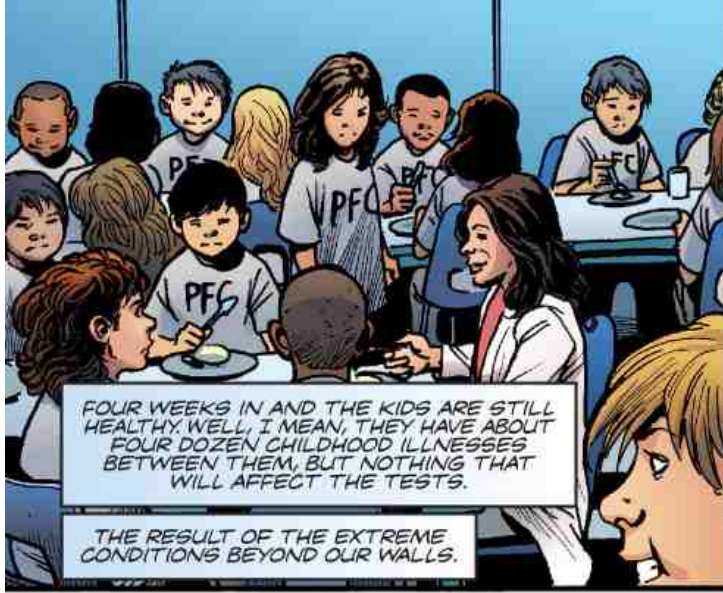
WE DON'T KNOW THAT YET.

MARY, I KNOW YOU DON'T WANT TO SHARE THESE FINDINGS. WE CAN KEEP THEM SECRET FOR NOW.

BUT THIS IS THE FIRST CHANCE WE'VE HAD TO FIX THIS. PLEASE.

PLEASE SAVE THE WORLD.





FOUR WEEKS IN AND THE KIDS ARE STILL HEALTHY. WELL, I MEAN, THEY HAVE ABOUT FOUR DOZEN CHILDHOOD ILLNESSES BETWEEN THEM, BUT NOTHING THAT WILL AFFECT THE TESTS.

THE RESULT OF THE EXTREME CONDITIONS BEYOND OUR WALLS.



I CAN FEEL IT. A CHANCE TO COURSE CORRECT.

THESE CHILDREN ARE THE VERY DEFINITION OF HOPE.



THEY BARELY GOT THE CHANCE TO KNOW THE WORLD THAT WAS.



NOW THEY WILL.



MARY COOPER, YOU MESSSED UP.



BUT YOU HAVEN'T WASHED OUT.



NOT YET.



YOU'RE STILL IN THE FIGHT.





DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW MUCH OF THE ENZYME WE'RE TALKING ABOUT?

GALLONS. TANKS.

14,000 LITERS PER YEAR, MINIMUM.

WE DON'T MEASURE THIS IN LITERS, AVA. WE MEASURE IT IN CHILDREN.

THOUSANDS OF CHILDREN.

STOLEN FROM THEIR FAMILIES AND BLED DRY FOR THEIR IMMUNITY.

MARY, THIS IS A SETBACK. THAT'S ALL. THERE ARE SOLUTIONS IN THE MIX.

"IN THE MIX?"

RELAX. ON THIS AND EVERYTHING RELATED TO THE FLARE, YOU'RE GOING TO BE MY RIGHT ARM.

NOW COME HERE. I HAVE SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU.





DR. COOPER. CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR BREAKTHROUGH. I HEAR YOU MIGHT VERY WELL SAVE US ALL.

WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE?

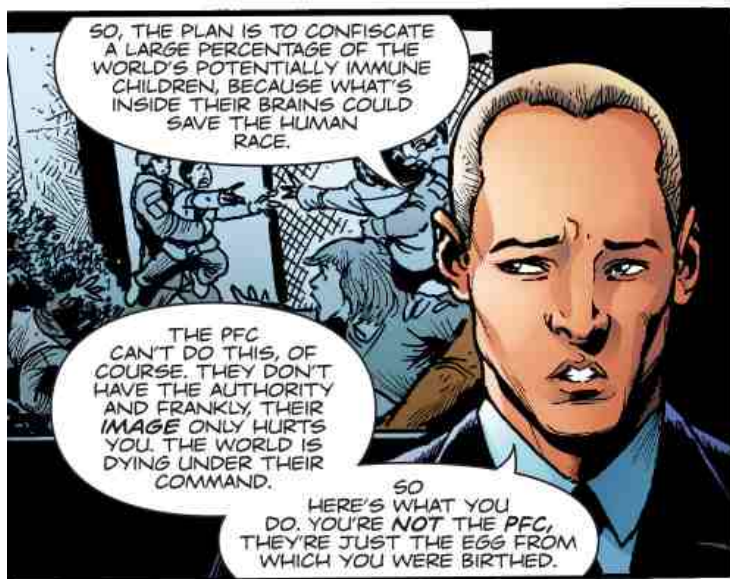
SIT DOWN. THIS'LL ONLY TAKE A MINUTE.



DOCTOR MARY COOPER, THE GENIUS WHO'S GOING TO SAVE US FROM THE FLARE.

AND YOUR NAME IS--

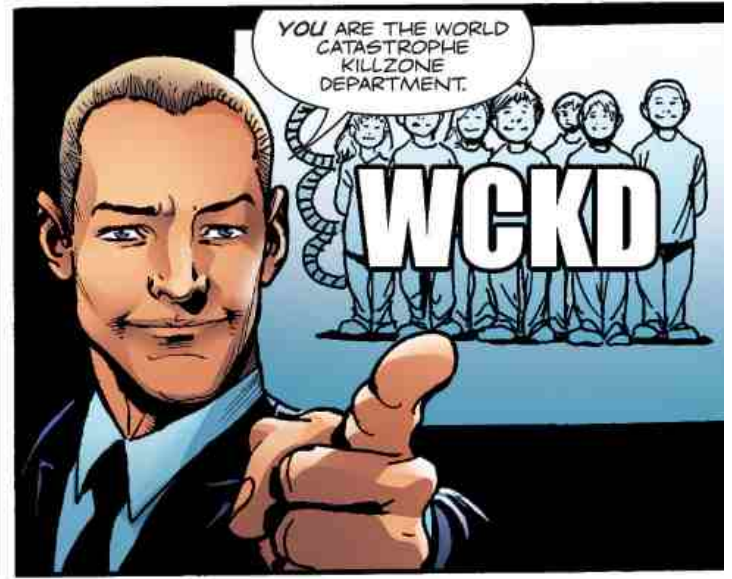
NOT IMPORTANT. FRANKLY, I'M MUCH MORE INTERESTED IN YOURS.



SO, THE PLAN IS TO CONFISCATE A LARGE PERCENTAGE OF THE WORLD'S POTENTIALLY IMMUNE CHILDREN, BECAUSE WHAT'S INSIDE THEIR BRAINS COULD SAVE THE HUMAN RACE.

THE PFC CAN'T DO THIS, OF COURSE. THEY DON'T HAVE THE AUTHORITY AND FRANKLY, THEIR IMAGE ONLY HURTS YOU. THE WORLD IS DYING UNDER THEIR COMMAND.

SO HERE'S WHAT YOU DO. YOU'RE NOT THE PFC, THEY'RE JUST THE EGG FROM WHICH YOU WERE BIRTHED.



YOU ARE THE WORLD CATASTROPHE KILLZONE DEPARTMENT.

WCKD



YOU RECOGNIZE THAT OUR PLANET'S AT RISK AND YOU HAVE EXACTLY ONE PURPOSE: EXPLOITING THE SO-CALLED KILLZONE. EASY RECOGNITION, EASY TRUST.

OF COURSE, THE NAME'S A BIT OF A MOUTHFUL, I AGREE. AND THE ACRONYM, REGRETTABLY, REMINDS ONE OF, SAY, A CHILD-STEALING WITCH.

SO WE'LL JUST REPEAT THE SLOGAN UNTIL IT STICKS.

THE SLOGAN?



WICKED.

GOOD.

IS.



WCKD + 1 YEAR

PEOPLE OF EARTH, MY PEOPLE.

BEFORE THE FLARES, I SERVED AS ONE OF FORTY CITY COUNCIL MEMBERS IN BLACKFOOT, IDAHO. THAT WAS THE PINNACLE OF MY POLITICAL ACHIEVEMENT.

SO THE FIRST TIME I HEARD THE WORDS CHANCELLOR AVA PAIGE, I THOUGHT THEY MUST BE TALKING ABOUT SOME OTHER WOMAN.

BUT THE RESPECT OF THE PEOPLE, THAT'S WHAT CONVINCED ME THAT WHAT WE WERE DOING WAS RIGHT.

THESE STEPS WERE ALWAYS NECESSARY, BUT THE OUTPOURING OF SACRIFICE HAS MADE IT NOBLE.

I AM TOLD BY GENERAL JANSON THAT BEYOND THE VOLUNTEERS, OUR BRAVE BOYS RESCUED MANY YOUNG ORPHANS IN THE LAST TWELVE MONTHS. THOSE THAT THE PFC. COULD NOT CARE FOR, WE WILL RAISE AS OUR OWN.

WE WILL FIND A CURE, EVEN IF IT TAKES US A YEAR.

WCKD + 4 YEARS

DEAREST FRIENDS.

THE FIGHT AGAINST THE FLARE CONTINUES. I THANK YOU FOR YOUR CONTINUED SUPPORT.

DR. MARY COOPER IS, AS EVER, VIGILANTLY WORKING ALONGSIDE OUR BRAVE YOUTH TO DISCOVER A CURE TO THE VIRAL MENACE. AND WE WILL FIND IT.

BECAUSE WICKED IS GOOD.

WE ASK THAT YOU REMAIN IN YOUR HOMES DURING THESE TROUBLED TIMES. KNOW THAT WE CONTINUE TO FIGHT FOR YOU, BUT DO NOT EXPECT SAFETY SOON.

WCKD + 8 YEARS

BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

WICKED IS GOOD.

AND VICTORY IS NEAR.

THE BRIGHTEST CHILDREN OF THE KILLZONE EXPERIMENTS HAVE RISEN TO LEAD A NEW GENERATION IN THE FIGHT AGAINST THE FLARE.

WE HAVE FOUGHT TOO HARD TO LOSE.

WE WILL SEE THIS THROUGH.

AND WCKD WILL PREVAIL.

PEAK EFFECTIVITY 15%





IT'S IMPOSSIBLE.



NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE, MARY.

THOSE WORDS ARE POLITICS, AVA. THIS IS SCIENCE.

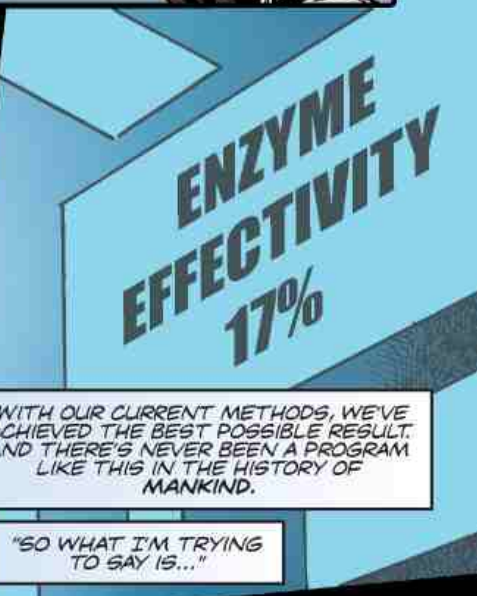
AND THIS ENZYME, THIS CURE? IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO ACHIEVE.



OUR STRATEGY HAS BEEN TO ACTIVATE THE KILLZONE AT MAXIMUM EFFICIENCY, PRODUCING MORE OF THE CURATIVE ENZYME.



PATHWAYS FOR DANGER SENSE, EMOTIONAL CONNECTION, PUZZLE-SOLVING, PHYSICAL ACTIVITY.



ENZYME EFFECTIVITY 17%

WITH OUR CURRENT METHODS, WE'VE ACHIEVED THE BEST POSSIBLE RESULT. AND THERE'S NEVER BEEN A PROGRAM LIKE THIS IN THE HISTORY OF MANKIND.



I'M OUT OF IDEAS.

THEN YOU'VE KILLED US ALL, COOPER.



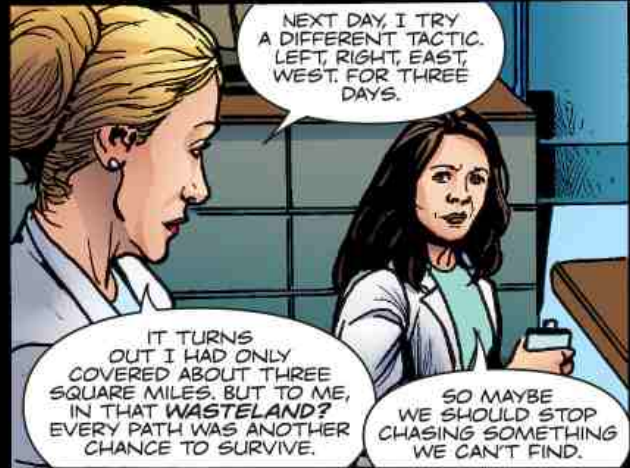
DR. COOPER... IF THERE'S ANYTHING WE CAN DO...



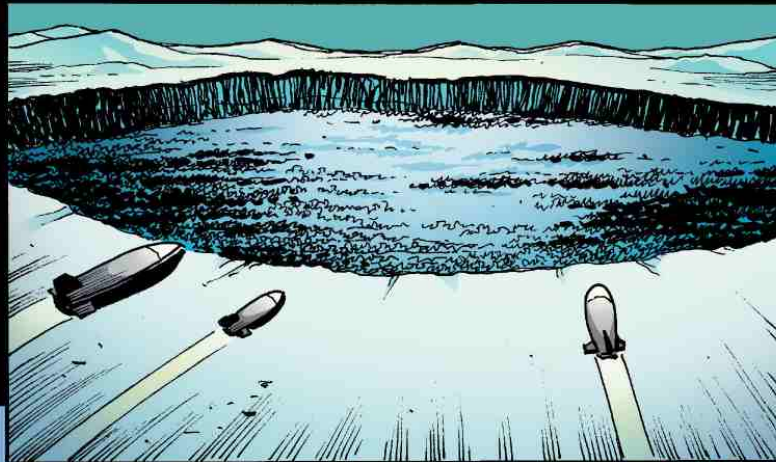
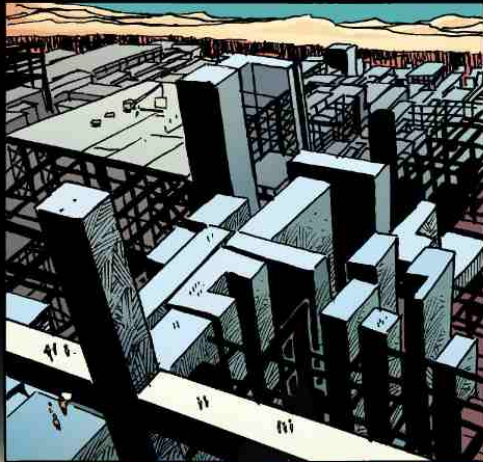
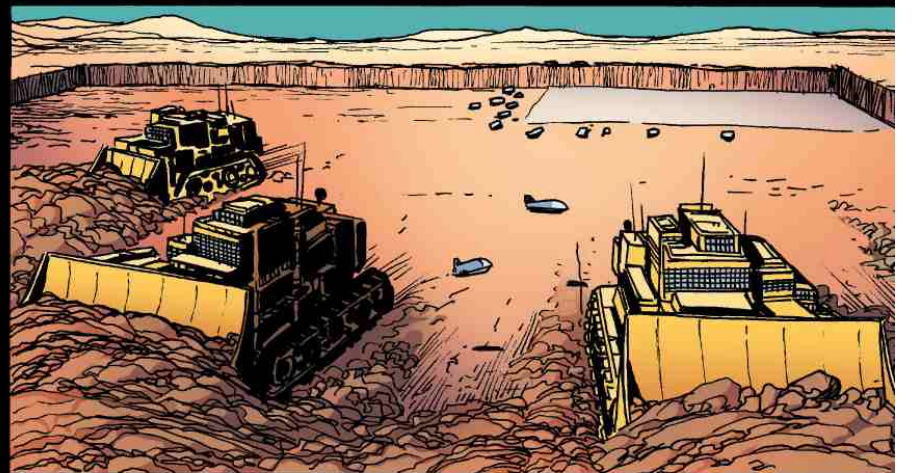
THANK YOU, THOMAS.

THERE ISN'T.













AVA.

MARY.

I UNDERSTAND  
THE FORM. I  
UNDERSTAND THE  
FUNCTION.

HYPERACTIVITY  
IN THE FRONTAL  
LOBE IS ACHIEVED BY  
PUZZLE SOLVING. THE  
DANGER INCREASES  
ADRENALINE.

BUT WHAT IN  
THE HELL IS  
THIS?

YOU SAID IT YOURSELF.  
**DANGER** ACTIVATES  
THE KILLZONE.

THE  
MONSTER YOU'RE  
POINTING AT? THAT'S  
ONE HELL OF A  
DANGER.

AND  
WHEN IT KILLS,  
AND IT WILL, THE  
PRODUCTION  
OF KILLZONE  
ENZYME WILL BE  
UNPRECEDENTED.

NO. WHAT I'M  
PROPOSING WON'T BE  
A STOPGAP. I'M NOT  
TORTURING THESE  
CHILDREN.

I'M TESTING  
THEM. PUSHING  
THEM TO THEIR LIMITS,  
JUST LIKE YOU  
RECOMMENDED.

WHAT  
YOU'RE  
PROPOSING  
IS...

AVA, IT'S  
EVIL.

YOU DO  
REALIZE THAT,  
RIGHT?

ONLY THEN  
WILL WE FIND  
THE FINAL  
CANDIDATE.





YOU'RE  
GOING TO  
LET THEM  
DIE...

YOU'RE  
BETTING THESE  
CHILDREN'S LIVES ON  
A MIRACLE.

...IN THE  
HOPE THAT YOU  
FIND ONE THAT YOU  
CAN HARVEST  
FOREVER?



WE'RE DEAD, DR. COOPER.  
WE WERE DISCARDED  
THIRTEEN YEARS AGO,  
WHEN THE SUN DECIDED  
THAT HUMANITY WAS  
DONE.

BECAUSE  
EVEN THEN, YOU  
WEREN'T SHOCKED BY WHAT  
HAD HAPPENED. YOU WEREN'T  
SHUTTING DOWN. YOU WERE  
ENTIRELY FOCUSED ON THE  
PROBLEM. WE COULD  
USE YOU.

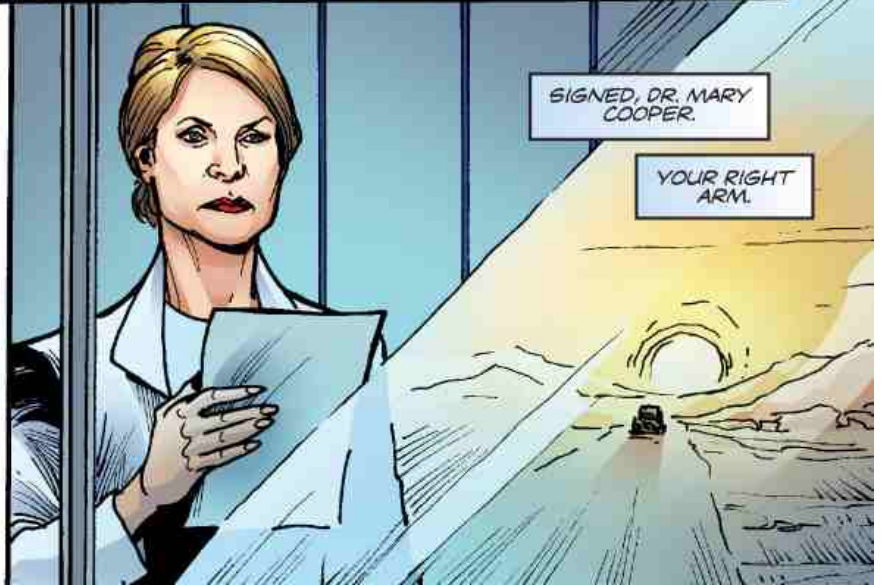
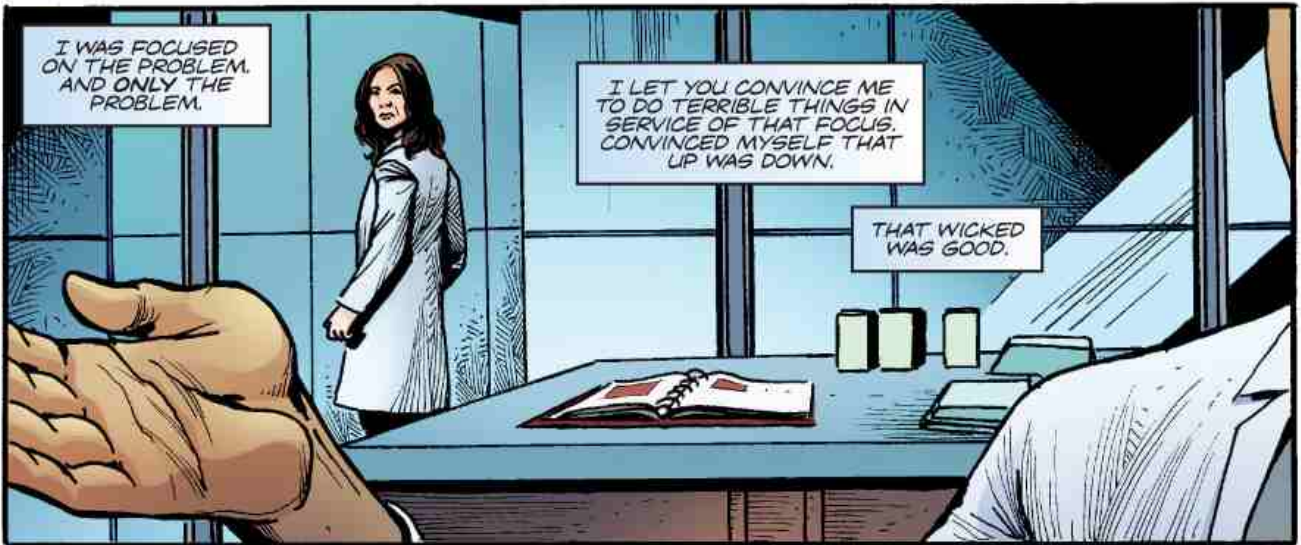
DID YOU  
EVER WONDER WHY  
YOU-DOCTOR MARY  
BARELY PUBLISHED  
COOPER--WERE  
INVITED TO THE PFC  
SUMMIT?

YOU'VE FAILED.  
THE PROBLEM REMAINS.  
MORE INTENSE  
MEASURES MUST  
BE TAKEN.

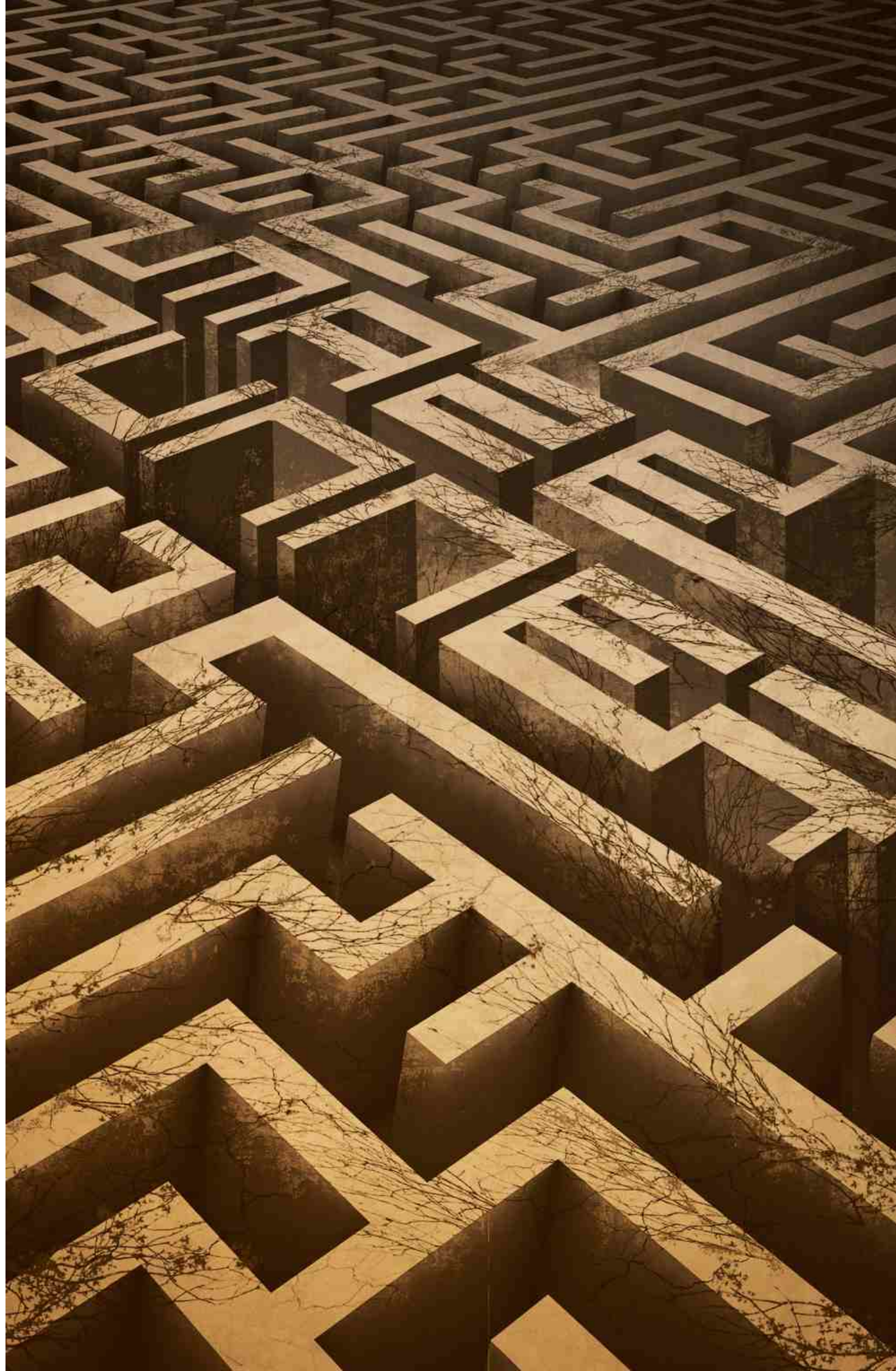


YOU'RE  
DISMISSED.









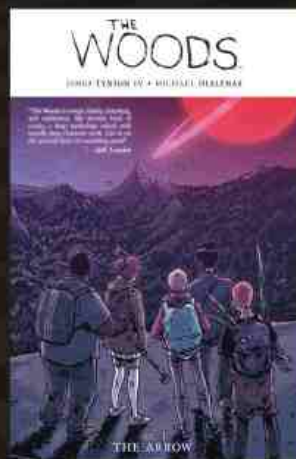


# IF YOU LIKE *MAZE RUNNER* YOU'D LOVE...

## THE WOODS

On October 16, 2013, 437 students, 52 teachers, and 24 additional staff from Bay Point Preparatory High School in suburban Milwaukee, WI vanished without a trace. Countless light years away, far outside the bounds of the charted universe, 513 people find themselves in the middle of an ancient, primordial wilderness. Where are they? Why are they there? The answers will prove stranger than anyone could possibly imagine.

As fans of James Tynion IV's work in the Batman universe (*Batman Eternal*, *Red Hood and the Outlaws*), we were eager to publish his first original comic series. Plus, *The Woods* gives us that same eerie, small-town horror feel we get whenever we read a Stephen King novel. If you're fan of teen conspiracy comics like *Morning Glories*, *Sheltered*, and *Revival*, you'll immediately be sucked into *The Woods*.



THE WOODS VOL. 1 TP  
9781613983089



THE WOODS VOL. 2 TP  
9781613983492

## HEXED

Luci Jennifer Inacio Das Neves (most people just call her "Lucifer") is a supernatural thief for hire, stealing wondrous objects from the dark denizens of the netherworld for her mentor/mother figure, Val Brisendine. But when Lucifer accidentally unleashes a terrible evil from one of the paintings hanging in Val's art gallery, will any of the tricks up her sleeve be enough to stop it?

A mashup of Lara Croft and Buffy the Vampire Slayer, *Hexed Vol. 1* marks the ongoing series debut for newcomer Dan Mora, who brings a lyrical and unique take to the artwork, paired with the script from one of comics' leading horror writers, Michael Alan Nelson (*Day Men*, *28 Days later*, *Dingo*).



HEXED TPB  
9781613980996

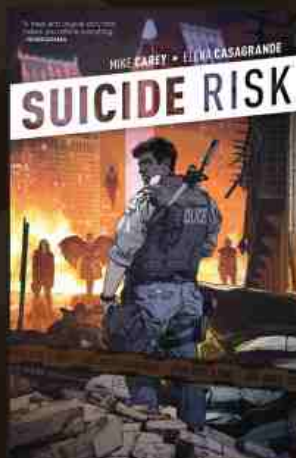


HEXED VOL. 1  
9781613983898

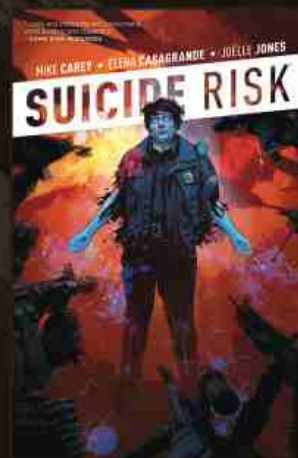
## SUICIDE RISK

Super-powered people are inexplicably rising from the streets and there's a big problem: Too many supervillains, not enough superheroes. Heroes are dying, and cops are dying twofold. Humanity is under-powered and good people are suffering untold tragedies trying to stem the flow. Beat cop Leo Winters is one of those struggling to make a difference. And the answer just might come in the form of two lowlifes with a dark secret.

The critically-acclaimed series by award-winning author Mike Carey (*X-Men*, *The Unwritten*) and fan-favorite artist Elena Casagrande (*Hulk*, *Hack/Slash*). *Suicide Risk* is a high octane, mind-bending series created by one of the industry's greatest storytellers.



SUICIDE RISK VOL. 1 TP  
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SUICIDE RISK VOL. 2 TP  
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the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are under 15 years of age is expected to increase from 1.1 billion to 1.5 billion.

As the world's population grows, the demand for food and other resources will increase. This will put pressure on the environment and on the world's food supply.

One way to meet this demand is to increase the amount of food that is produced. This can be done by using more land for agriculture, by using more water, or by using more fertilizers and pesticides.

Another way to meet this demand is to reduce the amount of food that is wasted. This can be done by improving the way that food is stored and distributed, or by changing the way that people eat.

There are many ways to meet the world's growing demand for food and other resources. It is important that we find ways to do this in a sustainable way, so that we can meet the needs of future generations.

One way to do this is to use more sustainable agricultural practices. This can include using less water, using less fertilizer and pesticides, and using more natural resources.

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## ESCAPING THE MAZE WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING.

The world thought it had seen the worst of it after solar flares struck the planet's surface, and millions of people were killed. But disaster struck again, in the form of a disease that quickly ravaged the remaining survivors. Simply known as "The Flare," the disease seemed unstoppable until a cure was discovered. But it came at a cost—a human cost—and now Thomas, Teresa, Newt, Minho, and the rest of the survivors of The Maze Program will soon discover that although they escaped the Maze, they may have entered into an experiment even more terrifying than they could have ever imagined.

Straight from world of *The Maze Runner* comes an anthology of five short stories revealing the hidden history of characters from the upcoming film. Explore how the terrifying W.C.K.D. (World In Catastrophe: Killzone Experiment Department) organization came to be, and how the very first Maze was designed. Find out what it takes to survive in a post-Flare world, against the violent Cranks that have begun to take over the world. And finally, discover that the Glade may not be the only Maze W.C.K.D. was running.

Featuring top comic book talent, including stories from **Jackson Lanzing** and **Collin Kelly** (*Hacktivist*), **Marcus To** (*The Flash*), **Andrea Mutti** (*The Girl With the Dragon Tattoo*), **Tom Derenick** (*Injustice: Gods Among Us*), and two short stories written by director **Wes Ball** and screenwriter **T.S. Nowlin**, *Maze Runner: The Scorch Trials Official Graphic Novel Prelude* sets the stage for the next chapter of The Maze Runner universe.

